

THE CONFESSION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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COMMUNICATIONS.

A CRITIQUE.

"Men's tastes," says Haudenbaumer, "are as different as their dispositions." The human taste and judgment," says this distinguished philosopher, "are oftentimes affected, not so much by any inherent excellence in the objects they contemplate, as by those sympathetic feelings so prevalent in our nature, or from the influence of local or temporary causes." This remark, which I think the best I remember ever to have seen on this subject, will very satisfactorily account for those wild vagaries and indescribable phantasies so often displayed in men's conduct and opinions. It is undoubtedly in a great measure owing to that contagious sympathy we all feel in the sentiments and decisions of others, that the writings of many distinguished ancients, continue to be read with admiration and delight. And it is probably more from some local or temporary excitement that has arisen, that once boundless popularity of living writers, who are now forgotten and will be unknown to posterity. It is to one or the other of these causes, that we must attribute that disregard to those exquisite relics of divine poesy with which we have all been familiar in our younger days, but have neglected or forgotten long before we were able to feel and appreciate their excellence.

With many others which I may notice at some future time, there is one of superlative merit, which it is my intention at this time to unfold and elucidate—and if I impress but a single mind with a sense of its intrinsic beauties, I shall count my labor as not spent in vain.

The poem in question I will now quote entire in the words of the author:

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norrich."

Whether we consider the rich density of expression, the admirable terseness of sentiment, and the brevity, yet elegance, of the language, it appears altogether beyond the reach of comparison. Other poets have labored and toiled and written volumes, to express one half the beauties unfolded in these few lines. Instead of *dulling* through one or two dozen books, the soul is here instantly engaged, and the interest rapidly excited by a clear and quick succession of incidents and characters.

Without attempting to analyze or to measure the work before us, by the "dictums," of Aristotle or Horace, I shall make a few remarks and comments, for the purpose merely of rendering some things more plain and perspicuous.

This is no doubt a poem of the *epic* kind, since it contains those most essential constituents of works of this class, a *hero*, occasional incidents, and a final issue, or catastrophe.

It is impossible, from the dark obscurity in which it is involved to ascertain what the primary argument is. *Clodpole*, a German critic in his remarks on "old poetry," has a dissertation of forty folio pages, in which he has incontestably proved that the primary argument *was*, to expose the folly of those mad projects and premature designs, which generally end in ruin, disappointment, and regret.

The first object which comes under our notice, is the *hero*, "the Man in the Moon." Every *epic* poem must have a *hero*, or some prominent personage, whose character and exploits demand all the skill and talents of the

author to delineate and describe. Poets, in portraying their characters, have been solicitous to invest them with a superhuman dignity, and are continually reminding their readers of the nobleness of their birth, and the splendor of their achievements. But the ancient poets in this respect have fallen far short of their object. Achilles frequently appears in the light of a peevish bully, and Eneas a cowardly dastard. Our author has here eclipsed them all. Without looking round on this vile earth, for an object worthy of his genius, he boldly dared to pass the flaming bounds of space, and embody his conceptions in a being of a heavenly sphere.

If the poems of antiquity could desire increased splendor and dignity from the divine origin of their heroes, with what superior sublimity is that work invested, the principal character of which is taken from a species whose moral capacities surpass all human conceptions.

A writer in a late review has already ascertained that the inhabitants of the Lunar world have advanced to a high summit of intellectual attainment, inasmuch that all those tough questions and subtle mysteries, which have been the subjects of much disputation among the sons of men, are there perfectly intelligible to the narrowest understanding; and a German professor, aided by a fine telescope, has discovered on the moon's surface huge fortifications and magnificent edifices, such as the art of man never equalled. Such is the hero, the man in the moon. His character is not like that of ancient heroes, debased by violent ebullitions of sensual appetites or headstrong passions, but shineth forth, like the sphere of his habitation, in all the purity of intellectual brightness.

The next thing which comes to our notice is the phrase "Came down." These two words have been the stumbling block of the learned critics in all times and countries, and seem at first to throw an utter impossibility in the very face of the fact. Among the numerous suppositions and interpretations of critics and commentators on this passage, I shall mention only a few for the gratification of my reader's curiosity.

Duysterkieil a Dutch critic of much celebrity in his own time, but whose works are now scarcely known, thinks that *this* is not to be considered as an *actual* occurrence, but as an allegory, or piece of machinery in imitation of the heathen poets.

But such a supposition we must at once be sensible, is highly inconsistent with the character of the *hero*. Every commentator after him has yielded the fact, that a *descent* was *actually made*, but have differed in explaining the manner in which it was made.

Some have supposed, that he was propelled beyond the influence of Lunar gravitation, by the impulse of some combustible explosion or steam machine, where by the superior power of *terrestrial* attraction he would naturally fall to our earth. But a difficulty arises which has never been fully obviated, to wit, "how he was propelled back again?" Others have thought, that the excursion was made by means of wings. But Von Slapperchope in his learned treatise on *aerial* navigation, notices this passage, as discovering an important fact in the progress of Aeronautic science, and thinks the descent to have been made on the principle of our modern balloons, and that the vehicle or car was very simple in its construction, being nothing more than a strong *bilboa* blanket with bladders attached to each corner and filled with hydrogen gas. But however the voyage may have been performed, we must confess that it was the most daring and astonishing feat earth or moon ever witnessed—what sublime conceptions and what elevated emotions, must have filled his

soul, when the thought of this wonderful enterprise rushed into the chambers of his imagination—what undaunted courage and hardihood of feeling must he have possessed to have entered upon that which no mortal ever before attempted.

Let us behold him about to embark upon his aerial voyage. As he ascends in the conscious majesty of his noble undertaking, do not his sterner feelings or the buoyancy of anticipation, yield to the endearing memory of the past. Does not his mind revert with fond emotions to the pleasing scenes of his youthful years. Do not the reminiscences of his beloved country or kind friends afflict his heart with sadness. Feels he no tender recollections of a more endearing, a more beloved object, than brothers and friends, whom for any thing he can tell, he may be leaving forever?

Soon he is beyond the reach of his native atmosphere, and now behold him proudly soaring it through the boundless fields of space, leaving on every side of him numberless meteors, and comets, whose glimmering light travelling through immensity of distance, appears but like the humble blaze of a candle, till he safely reaches that place of his destination which men call earth. And here we shall leave him for a while and proceed in our further inquiries.

A question now arises, which critics have tasked their ingenuity in vain to solve—viz: why, he wished to "inquire the way to Norrich,"—and notwithstanding the number of their opinions and suppositions, I am convinced that they are all groundless, and the main question lies in thick darkness of which I shall not attempt to divest it. Of this, however, we are certain, that his expedition was premature—whether he fell a victim to the ignorance and cruelty of the men of earth, or returned to his home in the skies, with the stings of bitter disappointment in his heart, is not told us: it is, indeed, immaterial, each was a melancholy and unworthy fate, and our author has wisely left it to our more general conceptions.

How tenderly and how beautifully is the catastrophe revealed. He came *too soon*.—What elegance and pathos is conveyed in that simple particle—the whole pith and marrow of the story; the final event and the consummation of the design, all hang upon this single syllable. Other bards have taken whole cantos to express what is here disclosed with so much striking brevity; verily, the power of language is mighty!

Peace to thy departed *manes*, O man in the moon! I will drop a tear over thy misfortunes and wrest thy memory from the fell grasp of oblivion. Yes, when in the calm stillness of a cloudless evening, I gaze on thy native orb, rolling in a halo of pure splendor among the bright stars of heaven, I will think on thee.

THE HEIRESS.

'Twas for herself he loved her—
At least he often said
He'd wed her if 'twas but to share
The lowliest cottage bed:
No thought if she were portionless,
Or seated on a throne,
It was not wealth—he only loved
Her for herself alone.

Full many a fawning flatterer
Had vainly sought her hand,
And many sighed at crowded balls,
To win her smile so bland.
None marvelled haughty knees were bent,
Or proud ones lingered near,
She was an only daughter, with
Ten thousand pounds a year!

Among the gilded train she thought
Was one whom she could trust,
She oft had marked his manly grace,
And loved him, from the first:
He had a full dark eye, that spoke

When'er it turn'd on her,
A language richer far than words—
A silent worshiper!

His lips but seldom breathed of love
His knee was seldom bent,
But oh, his dark expressive eye,
With love was eloquent:—
Yet sometimes did he whisper her,
Until her soft eyes filled,
And through her inmost soul his voice
Like wildest music thrilled.

He said he cared not for her gold,
Nor for her broad domains,
But whispered that his heart was bound
To her by Love's own chains:
He knew the world spoke of her wealth,
Her name was widely blown,
He held them idle as the wind—
He loved herself alone.

She trusted to his promises,
And trusting, married him,
And, at the altar, tears of joy
Did her blue eye bedim.
Too soon alas! those tears were changed,
And joy away had flown,
It was her shining gold he loved,
And not herself alone!

She hardly dare believe that he,—
The father of her boy—
Can look upon his brow so fair,
Nor feel a rush of joy:
And yet the anguish and the grief,
To know he loves him not,
To know that all his vows to her,
Thus early are forgot!

Her heart is wasting with its wo,
And pale is now her cheek,
But not a word of murmuring is
She ever heard to speak:—
Although he loves her not, her love
Is yet as deep for him,
And the low song that stills her boy
Will be her funeral hymn.

The tears that wet the sweet one's brow
Who sits upon her knee,
Are wasting life-drops that will soon
Set her worn spirit free;
Her heart is broken—and the boy
Who sleeps in her arms,
And joys to meet her saddened smile—
Will soon be motherless!

FERAMORZ.

THE VALUE OF A DOLLAR.

Who can fix the exact value of a Dollar when the variety of its estimation is as great as the diversity of the human countenance? The school boy's account of its value is a hundred cents, and a cent is something to him. The men of mature age, according to their character or pursuits, give it more or less consideration. The poets have been noted for thinking more of similes and rhymes than of Dollars and cents; and it is said that men of science used sometimes to be so absorbed in their pursuits as not to give this important subject sufficient attention. This is however nearly done away by the march of intellect, and though we do not hear of their making so many splendid discoveries as we might expect from their improved means, yet we see them better fed and clothed. The miser and the spendthrift, directly opposite in their opinions of this round representation of value, are equally distant from the truth. Perhaps no man comes nearer to it than he who supports himself by his own exertions; if we want to borrow a Dollar it is to him we must go; the rich man's excuse is that he has just invested all his ready money in houses or stocks. But there are others who are sometimes obliged to learn the value of a piece of silver or "a strip of paper with magical characters upon it" in the school of suffering; while he whose industry has prospered, "Sits at the social fire, and happy bears
The excluded tempest idly rave along."

The poor man, prevented by the inclemency of the weather, or by sickness, from attending to his usual avocation, learns how much happiness a Dollar may purchase. There are also a few who take this opportunity to enjoy what they are worth by contributing to his necessities; this is one of the highest gratifications money can purchase, it is to be hoped more will try it, and admit its superiority.

S.

MISCELLANY.

NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

"Now might I do it—now he's praying,
And now I'll do it, and so he goes to heaven!
And so am I Revenged!"

Now, while we are alone, and the women-kind have retired, if you will re-fill your glass, and draw your chair nearer the fire, I will tell you my adventure with the smugglers.

You are aware that my father was one of the most active magistrates in Merionethshire; and that so far from conniving with these ruffians, as many of his judicial brethren did, he exerted every energy to detect and punish them. He became therefore a "marked man," and was exposed to much peril in consequence; in which I, as his head man in such matters, very abundantly and very inconveniently participated.

You can form no conception, my dear friend, of the daring devilry of these vagabonds. At the time I mention, that is, about forty years ago, the whole line of coast, from Towy to Aberllovey, was infested with smugglers, who would run their goods—chiefly whiskey from Ireland, and other spirits from the Isle of Man—under the very noses of the magistrates.

We were sitting here, in this very drawing room, one November evening,—my father, mother, sister, and myself, with Parry Wynn, who was then courting my sister. My father was reading *Bell's Evening Courant*—my mother, "with spectacles on nose," was at her stitching,—Caroline was finishing a pen and ink sketch of the old abbey for her lover, with whom, of course, she was at the same time flirting,—and I was busking some lies for the ensuing summer.—The night was dark and hazy,—the wind was very high, notwithstanding,—and situated as this house is, it now and then positively rocked in the blast. But with a blazing fire of turf and cordwood,* we set the furious elements at defiance, and pursued our different avocations unmolested by the inclemency which made itself felt without.

Just before the supper was brought in, one of the laborers of the farm rushed into the house, with tidings that a body of smugglers were on their way, denouncing vengeance and death against the Squire of—, for having interfered in the capture of one of the gang two or three weeks before. The man had first learned the tidings at the pot house at Arthorbridge, and had afterwards seen the ruffians advancing, well armed, and apparently much excited with liquor. We had no reason to discredit his intelligence; and so sending off all the females to the back part of the house, we hastily armed ourselves, and stood ready to receive our unwelcome visitors.—I should mention, that Hukin, then a lad of only ten years of age, was despatched to your uncle for assistance; and that our defensive force consisted only of my father, Parry Wynn, myself, and three of the male servants; we had always plenty of powder and shot in the house, and had quite as much ammunition as we could well use. You remember old Howel the gardener. The old boy had routed out an old swivel, which had lain in his tool house till it was covered with rust, and, as we thought useless. However he cleaned it as well as he could—fixed it in the middle window, and loaded it with a handful of swan-shot, some bits of old iron, and some nails, and awaited the approach of the assailants, as we all did, with anxiety and interest.

Presently we heard a shouting in the direction of the carriage-road, and, soon after, we saw some flickering and flaming lights, and then, a body of men rapidly and riotously advancing.—They came up the right hand road bawling and tearing, and blaspheming, in a manner not much calculated to assuage our alarm. They jumped over the gate, deployed as it were, on the lawn and stood ready to carry the place by assault. I never shall forget my father's coolness and courage on that memorable occasion: No general, at the head of his army, could have evinced greater deliberation and more determined bravery.

The leader of the "rebel host," after speaking a few words to his followers, came forward and very audaciously demanded the surrender of my father! "Shall I let fly, *Misterbach*?" asked old Howel, as he pointed the swivel towards the gang. "Stir not a finger till I tell you, Howel," was my father's answer; and throwing up the window, he held a parley with the besiegers.

"I tell you what, my good fellows," he said "you had better quietly disperse and go your ways. No notice shall be taken of the matter if you do; and if you do not, we are sufficiently well armed within to destroy every one of you. I stood just by my father as he spoke, and I had my gun ready cocked in case of need. My father's address was received with a yell of insolent defiance; and a miscreant, at one

end of the rank, deliberately fired at him, as he stood unguarded and bareheaded at the window. I marked the rascal, and my bullet taking a better course than his did—for that went into the waistcoat—went through his head, and he fell. This was the signal for a general attack; and nothing was now heard but the savage shouts of the assailants and the report of fire arms. Old Howel's swivel had no security of it; nor was its sting harmless neither were Wynn, my father, and I idle. From our situation we were well defended by the thick wall of the house, as well as by some feather beds, which we placed against the windows, allowing only sufficient space for the reconnoitering of our enemy, and for the discharge of our pieces. So that while most of our shots told, theirs rebounded against the feather-beds, or went into the ceiling. Their number, however, was so great that I believe they would have effected an entrance by bursting the hall-door, had not your cousin Jones and your uncle arrived with ten men, well armed. They did not stop to enter the house; but rushed round the north gable, and with a most tremendous shout, fell upon the assailants who immediately gave way and began to quail, for they could not tell of what this reinforcement consisted. Our little force now joined your uncle's, and we quickly succeeded in completely routing the enemy.

We took two of them, who were slightly wounded, and they were afterwards hanged at D—. I have reason to believe their loss to have been very great; none of us received a single scratch or hurt, except poor old Howel, who in his haste to let off the swivel the second time, set fire to the end of his long pig-tail, which used very often—if you remember—to hang down on his shoulder, in the real old Ben Bo'sun style. The conflagration, however, was extinguished without any damage to the veteran warrior, beyond that of singeing his ear.

About Christmas in the same winter, I had been shooting at Aberllovey, with Price Jones of Talgarth, and Mostyn Lloyd, of Ceven-mabec. At that time Ellen Owen, of Aberllovey, was the belle of the country and the young fellows on the hill side (myself among the number) were mad after her. If the truth was known, I suspect that my visit to Aberllovey, on that occasion was rather more influenced by the charms of the fair Ellen, than by any vehement desire of two or three days shooting; and glad in my heart was I when my companions went home on the third day, leaving me there by myself.

It would not be right, perhaps, to tell you of all the sweet sayings and pretty flirtations which took place between Ellen and me that day; because she is now a sedate grandmother, and I a widower; but *this I may say*, that I can even now remember it to have been one of the happiest days of my life. But happiness, like every thing else in this changeable world, must have an end; and as I had promised to be home on the evening of the third day, I was constrained to part from Ellen. But I lingered as long as I could, and it was nearly dark before I set out on my homeward journey.

You know that there are two roads from Aberllovey hither,—the lower and the upper; the latter, which being the shortest, I selected; and with my gun on my arm, and poor old Carlo by my side, commenced my journey. The day had been beautiful and bracing, and the evening, although a little overcast, was very fine. But there was no calculating upon the duration of fine weather among these rugged hills; and I had scarcely walked two miles, and reached the upper part of Balch Coch (the Red Defile) before a fog came on, and shut out from my view, not merely the mountains, at a distance, but the rocks, and stones, and dykes, which served as marks to guide me along the path. I had traversed the road so often, that I thought I could find my way blindfolded; and so perhaps I might; but I will defy any one to go right in such a fog, as frequently, in winter, covers the hills. I had another evil to apprehend, and that was a snow-storm; for I knew very well that the fog was but the forerunner of such a catastrophe, and that sooner or later the storm would come down.

There is nothing that so much paralyzes a man's energies, in a situation like mine, as alarm; and I felt this most painfully. There I was upon the summit of a black, barren, pathless mountain, without a house within at least two miles, and about to be exposed to one of those sudden tempests which overwhelm both man and beast with their fury. Poor Carlo saw my danger, and looked up in my face and whined. If it had been merely dark, he would ready have found out the way; but the condensed fog had destroyed all scent, and we were both powerless. In the midst of my perplexity, I desisted what I conceived to be the beaten path which led down into the valley, and whistling to my companion, I proceeded along as quickly as the rugged nature of the road, and the darkness would permit me. I went on, and on—and still I was on the mountain. It was clear that this could not be the

right path; but as it *was* a path, it must lead somewhere, and I was determined to follow it to its termination; and so desperate and daring was I, that, had I known it led to the shades below, I believe I should not have drawn back.

The storm, as I anticipated, began to rise: at first, the wind blew gustily down the hill side, and then, southerly and sighed along the valley—growing, as it were, for the mischief it was about to do. A few large, broad, and feathery snow-flakes now fell, and did not tend to assuage my fears. As the snow now began to fall more thick and swiftly, the mist cleared off, and surrounding objects became more distinctly visible. I soon found out that I had been proceeding in a retrograde direction, and that I was now descending the moor-land declivity of Selgwin-bach—the long, rugged, and barren track, which terminates on the seashore on the northern side of the Bay of Cardigan. Soon after the discovery, I perceived a twinkling light, in a hollow, about a hundred yards beneath me. Cheered by the welcome vision, I sped on with renewed vigor, and soon reached the dwelling, whence the gladdened beacon issued.

It was a mean, miserable, and solitary hut; but, mean as it was, my perilous situation imbued it with a degree of excellence, which opulence, at another time, would scarcely have exceeded. I pushed open the door; and, after stumbling over the pig-trough, and two or three tubs, which were placed in the passage, I found myself in the cold, cheerless, and clay-floored apartment of a mean hut, which was pretty well filled with smoke, and other contents which I could not for some time decipher. A cur—that everlasting appendage to our Welsh *trig-whams*—I soon found, was one of the inhabitants; for no sooner had I lifted the latch, than I heard its spanish yapping, accompanied by "Down, Restless—down, Sir!" in a tone which was any thing but musical.

By the dim light of a waning turf-fire, I descried the bowed and crippled form of an old woman, who sat shivering with palsy on the settle in the chimney corner, and seemed to have been dozing or sleeping till my entrance disturbed her. "Well, *morbid*," said I, "can you give me shelter from the snow-storm? I have lost my way in the fog." "And who may ye be?" asked the beldame, as thrusting a rush candle into the fire, she obtained a light. "David Anwyl of Coed," was my answer. "Well—ye may come in," said my hostess; and I, accordingly, sat myself down by the fire, which I replenished, unasked, from a creel filled with turf.

I had not been here more than a quarter of an hour, before three men entered, and my first glance detected in the foremost of them, the ruffian who led on the assailants at my father's. I felt very uneasy at the discovery; but the man, as it happened, did not seem to recognize me; and, after rudely welcoming me to his dwelling, he got some whiskey out of a cupboard, and some bread and cheese; and inviting me to partake of it, fell to work with his companions, eating and drinking with a very hearty energy. As the storm still raged without, and as the snow now fell faster and thicker, the man very civilly offered me the use of his bed for the night, and having no very vehement desire to walk four miles through the tempest, I freely accepted the offer; and retiring into an inner room, threw myself upon a very decent bed, without taking off my clothes.

It was not until this moment that I began to reflect upon the probable peril of my situation. I knew that the men who had come in were daring and desperate characters; but as I could not perceive any symptoms of recognition, I felt some hope that my unprovided condition would afford no temptation to their rapacity, and that I should, accordingly, rest undisturbed till morning. How far I was correct, or not, you shall soon know. With a mind perfectly at ease, and body very much fatigued, I was soon asleep—dreaming of Ellen Owen, and her sweet, sweet parting words. How long I slept, I know not; but I was awakened by a scuffling, confused noise in the outer room of the building. It ceased; and all was silent, save the heavy sighing of the wind, and the sound of the frozen snow, which it drove against the casement. Presently, the outer door of the hut was opened, and I heard a heavy footstep on the clay floor of the room. I saw, also, that the person who had entered, carried a light, for the rays penetrated the cracks of the wooden partition between the rooms. I breathed quick and gaspingly.—What was the meaning of this nocturnal visitation? It was strange—most strange—that when all was still and silent—when the deep darkness of night had wrapped all nature in oblivion, the deadly silence should be broken by this stealthy, unquiet, alarming intrusion. I listened more attentively, and I heard a slow and stifled, and muttering sound of voices. "I will, by G—!" reached me plain enough. "You shan't Evan—indeed you shan't," was responded in a voice which, though stifled, I

knew to be the old woman's. "Get off with thee, old fool!" followed; and, then, a heavy, thick, and sudden fall. All was now still again, save the sound of a slow and stealthy step: it came nearer and nearer, till the door of my chamber was opened. I looked instinctively towards the spot, and saw the man who had welcomed me with such apparent heartiness, entering, with a candle in one hand, and a large glittering knife in the other. I could not stir—I could scarcely breathe, so paralyzed was my frame at this horrible sight. Resistance, I knew, was useless, even if I could have used it! and forcibly shutting my eyes, and imagining a short and fervent prayer, I waited the stroke with every faculty wound up to the highest pitch of despairing resolution.

The man approached: I felt his breath upon my throbbing temples! He held the candle close to my eyes; for I saw its bright glare through my closed eye-lids. This he did, I suppose, to see if my sleep was sound.—He now placed the candle on a table; and I saw him now—or fancied that I did so—lift the murderer's knife with one hand, whilst he placed the other on my head to steady it; and I felt—yes, I am sure, I felt—its cold, sharp, smarting edge drawn across my throat! At this very instant, I heard the report of a pistol; and starting up, as it were, convulsively, I beheld the ruffian senseless at my feet, and the old woman standing over him with the discharged pistol in her palsied hand. I put my hand on my throat, but I was untouched. My fearful imagination had far outstripped reality, for the ruffian had not had time to penetrate his horrid crime. I looked upon the old woman with amazement, not unmixed with horror; but she did not evince any extraordinary emotion, probably because scenes of bloodshed and slaughter were not usual to her. "Fly!" she exclaimed; "fly for your life!" His comrades (pointing to the dead man) will soon return, and they would murder us both!"

"But you?"—I said—"what will become of you?" "Never mind me!" was the answer; "I have the means of escaping, and will use them. But go you, and wait not here another minute!"

I obeyed her injunction, and left the hut, hurrying home in the dark as well as I could, I reached my father's house about day break, and much surprised the family was at my unexpected appearance, for all had concluded that the storm had detained me at Aberllovey. Nor was this surprise diminished by the narration of my adventure, and of my providential escape. I was put to bed considerably exhausted, while Aunt Martha manufactured for me a cup of her glorious caudle; but even all the pharmaceutical skill of this kind creature could not avert a fever, which bound me to my couch for nearly a month.

The next day, my father and a party of men went to the hut; but it was completely deserted; nor was any clue ever obtained of its guilty inmates, or even of my resolute deliverer.

TRAGICAL TALE OF THE SEA.

The following dreadful tragedy is related in the London "Seamen's Magazine, and Church of England Guardian." The editor says it is an authentic narrative, as he received it from one of the parties referred to, although it was not thought best to give the names or places.

"Well, sir, I will tell you this story, which you are so anxious to hear.

I commanded the —; we sailed from —, intended to call at —, in order to take in passengers, and then proceed to —. We arrived at —, as destined, and I went ashore immediately, in order to make arrangement with the parties that desired to go with me to —. A gentleman and his lady, and another gentleman in an exceedingly weak state, slowly recovering from a malignant fever, composed the party; and being informed that the former had boxes of dollars and plate to the amount of — thousand pounds, which were to be taken on board, I made every necessary arrangement, and returned to my ship.

I had on board a mate, and — men; and deeming it expedient, I called my mate privately into my cabin, and informed him of the large quantity of money and plate about to be committed to our charge with the passengers; and, to avoid even the possibility of danger from the crew, I desired him to use any means he thought best to induce them to remain ashore that night, in order that we might convey the property on board, and stow it safely away, without their knowing any thing of the circumstance. He immediately assented, and, accordingly, got rid of them. I reposed entire confidence in him, and he appeared to deserve it; the men, however, were kept ashore all night, while we, with perfect secrecy and safety, as we thought, had the property conveyed to the ship, and securely stowed away. In the morning the men came on board, and every thing being taken in, we got under weigh with a fair wind in the evening. The first night and the succeeding day and night, passed without any remarkable occurrence, and the wind continuing fair, we were,

*The smaller branches of trees—an important article of fuel in Wales—and a source of considerable revenue to the land owner, as well as a comfort to the consumer.

at the close of the second day, two hundred miles from land. My crew were most of them Irishmen, not such men, certainly, as I should have chosen, but I was obliged to take them as I found them. Indeed, one of the Irishmen, to whom I shall again refer more particularly, was not a seaman.

Every thing had proceeded in an even and regular course, until the close of the third evening, if I except an undue familiarity between the mate and the crew, which although I observed, I had not even mentioned. On this evening, however, I was oppressed with a kind of uneasiness I cannot describe, but fearing it might be a prelude to sickness, I left the mate in charge, and retired to my berth much earlier than usual. I tried to sleep, but in vain. I rose, took some grog, and lay down again. I tried to compose myself, but found it impossible. I several times dozed a little, but almost instantly started under gloomy impressions, or from frightful dreams. As this was quite unusual with me, having scarcely known a solitary instance of my rest being disturbed, I spent my hours under great despondency, and anxiously wished for the dawn of day. I continued thus until near two o'clock; even my dosing might have been interrupted by the slightest movement, so far was I from enjoying any thing like repose.

About two, I heard a footstep cautiously approaching. I listened, and a man came close to my berth, and muttered "Captain?" I called out, "Who's there?" No answer being returned, I jumped out, and was instantly accosted by the Irishman above referred to, in the most abrupt and callous manner, with "By J—, it's all over with you,—the mate has told the crew about the money—they have taken the ship, and your throat will be cut at three o'clock." I was momentarily deprived of the power of utterance, and before I recovered from the shock, the fellow was gone. I, however, soon became collected, and slipping on my trousers and waistcoat, I immediately stepped into the gentleman's cabin to whom this treasure belonged. But he having overheard the dismal announcement, had most imprudently communicated it to his wife, who instantly swooned. She, when I entered, was perfectly insensible, and he, with clasped hands, exclaimed in deep despair, "Oh my wife! O my children! I shall never see you more!" Finding he knew the worst, I coolly said, "Well, sir, will you arm with me and resist?" He said he could not, it was useless. I said, "Remember, sir, the property is yours; that your wife and children are at stake; you ought, therefore, to be ready to resist to the very last extremity. I, too, have a wife and children, and will, therefore, resist to the last for them, for my employers, and for you." Finding, however, that he was literally sunk in despair, I returned to my cabin.

Any attempt to describe the state of my mind would be entirely useless. I think I stood for a few moments utterly at a loss what step to take, when somehow my hand got into my waistcoat pocket, and enclosed my knife.—Without premeditation or design I opened it. I now recollected the sick gentleman, but I thought it best to let him remain in ignorance. I knew not what to do; however, not knowing what might befall me, or what course I should take, I rushed towards the deck, but my hand accidentally striking against something which I found to be an American axe, I seized it, and the next moment was on deck, where I saw the helm deserted, and the mate with the whole crew sitting together drinking in the fore part of the ship. With the open knife in my left hand, and the uplifted axe in my right, I sprang among them; and as my eye met the mate's, with one blow of the axe I elaved his head asunder. The men simultaneously rose, and fled in different directions; I followed the nearest instantly, and just as he was in the act of going aloft, I buried the axe in his loins, and he fell overboard. One now turned and tried to grapple with me; but I, in a moment, drove the axe into his breast, and he fell at my feet. So deeply had the axe sunk into his body, that I was in imminent danger of being overpowered; but placing my foot on his chest, I by one vigorous effort succeeded in extricating it. I now looked round, and observed no one near me, I went aft; but seeing here some one standing, I had again lifted my axe, when a voice exclaiming, "For God's sake, captain," convinced me it was the sick gentleman. I could only say, "Go in, sir."—Roused by striking my hand against the axe, and unhooking it, he had come out, and having witnessed my actions, without knowing any thing of the cause, he concluded me laboring under direful paroxysms of madness and instantly obeyed, thankful that he had not shared the fate of those who had fallen before his eyes.

I found the men had all fled to the rigging, and were still aloft. The moon shone brightly, and I called to the nearest man to come down, but he would neither answer nor move. I went into my cabin, fetched out my fowling-piece, and insisted on his coming down, or I would fire at him. At length he came down,

and fell on his knees at my feet. I asked him what he had to say of their blood-thirsty villainy; he replied, the mate had drawn them into it, and he was obliged to agree. "Strip!" said I—he did so. I then put my gun and axe behind me; and, cutting eighteen inches of rope, I gave him a severe flogging; to this I subjected every one of them, and they submitted without offering the least resistance; the passengers, during the whole period, almost petrified, looked on.

It only now occurred to me, that there was no one at the helm; I therefore took my gun and axe, and, as there was no alternative, I was compelled to occupy that post at once.—The passengers all came to me, but I could only beg them to leave me. They still halted, however, while, I called the men before me, and told them I had now done with them; their conduct would determine my future steps: at the same time concluding by saying, I would kill the first man that manifested a mutinous disposition, or that dared to cross a given line on deck before me without my express command. I then ordered them to throw the two bodies overboard, and return to their respective duties.

Beginning now to reflect on what I had done, remembering that my life, my ship, my passengers, their property, and the cargo, were at least so far preserved—remembering, at the same time, that I had accomplished this only by the sacrifice of three men—that their blood had been shed by me—and, seeing it upon me when morning dawned, my feelings overcame me, and I burst into tears.

The danger was still by no means over. I had — days' sail to —; no mate, two men less than before, and every reason to believe, that the crew would still watch for, and seize any opportunity to murder me now, if for no other purpose than that of securing their own lives. I therefore made up my mind to keep my post at the helm, day and night, that I might at least have all my enemies before me; but how I should keep my post, do without sleep, or venture to sleep at it, even for a moment, were questions on which I feared to dwell.

Whatever my fears and feelings were, I still manifested the same determined and fearless line of conduct by which I had hitherto succeeded. I kept my axe close to my side, in full view of the crew. The gentleman who owned the property, but who, in anticipation of the dismal event, gave himself up to despair, certainly did now offer any assistance in his power; but I had too much at stake to venture for a moment to trust him.

From the Irishman, I obtained a full detail of the plot,—the manner in which they intended to murder me and the passengers,—and the intention of taking the vessel to —. This man I also generally employed near me: the passengers, too, used him as far as they deemed prudent; though all were sensible that no confidence ought to be placed in him. Thirteen days at length, thus elapsed, during which we had contrary weather,—had fallen in with no vessel,—and as to myself, although I was still uninjured, and aware of no attempt against me by the men, my strength and spirits were nearly exhausted.

It will not be supposed by any, that I mean to assert I never did sleep during this period; still I can assert, that I am scarcely conscious of ever having, during the whole period, fairly fallen asleep, especially by night; and, indeed, it is, in my estimation, no easy thing for a man to sleep, with a crew before him,—every man of whom he knows would seize that opportunity to murder him.

On the morning of the fourteenth day, however, I certainly started from something like a sound sleep, in consequence of a indecible glare of excess of light; and I am unable to express my utter astonishment, and the overwhelming emotions of gratitude that instantly filled my heart at beholding the sun shining most brilliantly, and in full view of the flag flying on the battery of —. I immediately ordered guns to be fired; and, in a short time, a boat, with a pilot, came alongside. They lay to, while they returned with my command for soldiers to take my crew into custody. I need not add, that they were all condemned to die, excepting the Irishman before alluded to, whose sentence was commuted to perpetual banishment. I begged their lives might be spared, and used all my influence to save them, but in vain. Before their execution I saw them all, and they were informed, in my presence, of the means I had used to save them, and of their also proving utterly unavailing. They appeared so far satisfied that I had not acted from mere vindictive feelings: confessed their guilt, but attributed their untimely end, and indeed the origin of the whole, to the mate alone.

The conduct of this brave Scot, in his singularly critical situation, has been, and will be, variously judged of; though all attempts to ruin him, by false and absurd insinuations, so completely failed, that all the quarters and parties capable of forming a just opinion of the whole case, justified his conduct by the strong-

est expression of unqualified approbation and by the most liberal rewards. While the man (we stated the fact and believe it) who sunk under the mere apprehension in the awful moments of the impending danger, had afterwards so great a dread of public opinion—so keen a sense of shame—so little regard for the dictates of religion, for himself, and for his wife and children, as almost immediately to blow out his own brains.

In the present complicated, difficult and chequered constitution of things, how valuable is the "pure and undefiled religion" of Christ! Had these men been under its influence, the captain would never have had occasion for such an exhibition of his bravery; nor the remaining part of the crew been suspended from a gibbet for a species of crime, which is perhaps of all others, attended with the fewest softening circumstances.

A STEP-FATHER.

"Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow me."—OLD SONG.

I know not what friend, or fiend, or both together, put such folly into the head of my maternal parent, but, like Hamlet's mother, she set her widow's cap at the sex, and re-married. A second marriage is seldom a favorable alteration of state: it is like changing a sovereign twice over, first into silver and then into copper. My mother's step was of this description. My first father was a plump, short, and rather Dutch-built little person; but the most merry, good humored, and kind hearted, yet, withal, the slowest grocer of the human race. His successor was saturnine in spirit, and stern in temper; a tall, bony figure, remarkable for the length of his nether limbs: he was, to adopt a school-boy phrase, a Walker by name, and a walker by nature, and the exercise of this propensity taught me painfully to appreciate the difference between my dear first daddy and my Daddy Long-legs.

My father Heavy-sides was what is called slow and sure; which means, sure to be left behind. He had a solemn creak in his shoes, that declared how deliberately his toes turned on their hinges; his movement through life was a minuet de la cour; my step-father Walker's was a galopade. Considered as foot soldiers, or adverse parties of infantry, before one had well marched into his position, the other would have turned his right flank, cut off his left wing, charged his centre, harassed his rear, and surrounded his whole body.—They were, alas! literally the quick and the dead, causing, between them, a race of my toes against my tears, and, if any thing, my toes ran the fastest and farthest.

There has been, lately, a good deal of speculation as to the ownership of a certain poem; but I feel assured that my step-father was the practical author of the "Devil's Walk." The march of mind might, possibly, have kept up with him, but no march of body could do it; least of all, such a body as mine, naturally heavy, and furnished with a pair of lower limbs very different from those of Scriblerus, who made his legs his compasses for measuring islands and continents.—Strain them as I would in pursuit of my step-father, I seemed to take nothing by my motion: those hopeless coat flaps were always in front. Like Dr. John's Great Shakespeare, with little Time at his heels, I panted after him in vain. The pace, as the jockeys say, was severe. It was literally a flight of steps, for he seemed to fly.

Any gentleman could be in two places at once, like a bird, that was my step-father, or, rather, fore-father, for he was always in front. His stride was that of Colossus of Rhodes; like Robinson Crusoe, you could discern one foot-print in the sand, but the other was beyond discovery. My infatuated mother was, nevertheless, continually holding him out to me as an example, and recommending me to "read in his steps." I wish I had been able! When his friends or creditors have been informed at the door, that he "had just stepped out," how little did they dream that it meant that he was a mile off!

It was his pleasure, whenever my step-father walked, that I should accompany him; such accompaniment as flute adagio is sometimes heard to give to piano prestissimo. He seemed to pride himself, like some pompous people, in constantly having a poor foot-boy trotting at his heels. Often did I beg to be left at home; often, but vainly, address him in the language of old Capulet's domestic, "Good thou, save me a piece of march-pane." The descriptive phrase of "rocky fastnesses" was but too typical of his speed and temper; he had no more pity for me than the great striding orge, in his seven leagued boots, for poor little Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

The day of retribution at last came, for according to the clown's doctrine, the whirligig of time always brings round its revenges. My poor mother died, and had a walking funeral, and my step-father felt more for her than I had expected; but he suffered most in his legs and feet: the measured pace of the procession afflicted him beyond measure. He longed to give sorrow strides, but was forbidden, and he

walked and grieved like a fiery horse upon the fret. The slow pace seemed as a slow poison: it has been affirmed that he caught cold upon that occasion; but whether he did or not, from that day he took ill, went off rapidly, and as he always did, in a galloping consumption, and died, leaving me, as usual, behind him.—In compliance with his last wish, he was furnished with a walking funeral, and, as decency dictated, I followed him to the grave; though, in truth, it was sacrificing the only opportunity I ever had in the world of getting before him.

I have been told, that, on the evening of his decease, his apparition appeared to a first cousin at Penryn, and, the same night, to his brother at Appleby. I have no particular faith in ghosts; but this I do most firmly believe, that, if any body had the spirit to do the distance, in the time, it was the very spirit of my step-father Walker.

From the Camden Journal.

ECLIPSIANA.

The great solar eclipse which will occur on the 12th of this month, will be productive of one shocking calamity—to him who reads a hundred newspapers. For at least six long and weary weeks, he must wade through a perilous quantum of *sofuscation* like the following:

"The latest solar Obumbration was undescribable, and most magnificently and terribly terrific, to our astonished and sub solar village."

Pogtown Gazette.

"On the 12th instant the grand annular obscuration of the primal sovereign of this our highly favored and solarial astronomical system visited this town; as per prognostication of Mr Isaac Beer's Almanac.

Puddingbury Chron.

"Our place was favored with a highly *gratulous* and *substructuary* view of the great celestial *phenomeon* on the 12th. Strange, wonderful, odd and what is more, magnificent are thy frolics oh! nature. How inscrutable are the recreations of the Heavenly luminaries! A promising son of Mr. Guy Zodiac lost his right eye by looking through a smoked glass—the left one having been previously *gougued* out by another boy in a struggle for snid glass."

Cape Twilight Recorder.

From the Mumbletypog Republican.

We copy the following interesting article from that excellent paper, the "Spirit of Mobocracy, or Hardscrabble Advertiser, and Working Men's Palladium."

"It is a mute and melancholy manipulation of morbid memorabilia, that imposes upon us this week, the desire, doleful and disastrous duty of recording a heart rendering and bladerbursting, at the same time that is a curious, casual and calamitous catastrophe which occurred during the late singular soleicism of the solar system."

"Miss Anna Aurelia Angelina Bluegarter having in her eagerness to ascertain astronomically the exact number of digits under total obscuration, unwittingly trodden upon a pet kitten belonging to her sister, Mrs. Barbara Brimstone, the enraged quadruped turned to and scratched her into a lock jaw, or more properly *stop jaw* which lasted during the whole eclipse. But what is worse?"

"Mrs. Brimstone herself, in straining to look through a bark tube by way of succedaneum for a telescope, burst—her snuff bladder, and fell speechless to the floor! Alas! however the tale is not all told yet."

"The sterneratulatory explosion aforesaid having spent a good portion of its force upon her husband's visual lachrymal and olfactory organs, in other words the snuff getting into his eyes, &c, he not only sneezed his left shoulder out of joint, but was seen to shed several tears over the apparently dead body of Mrs. Brimstone! which is the more remarkable as every one knows that nothing but snuff or onions could have effected such a circumstance, had she been really defunct. It is looked upon as a coincidence."

For the remainder of this chapter of Editorials we shall wait till—they come.

Love of Women. "A certain king had a son born to him: the astrologers predicted that he would lose his sight if he were permitted to see the sun before he had reached the age of ten years; on which account the king had him watched and brought up in dark caverns. After ten years were elapsed, he caused him to be brought out, and shewed him the world; and placed before him many fine jewels and fair damsels—telling him the names of every thing, and that the damsels were devils. Being asked what he liked best, he replied, 'The devils please me more than all the rest.'—Then the king marvelled greatly, saying, 'What a powerful thing is female beauty!'"

Women of strong tempers always govern their husbands; women of strong minds influence them. The key to the government of all men is their passions; and after these—but this is showing up the mystery of the craft. Plague on't that rogues can't be true to themselves.

Lady Morgaa.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 12, 1831.

ARMSTRONG,

And the Four Dutchmen.

Until within a few years past, many of the descendants of the original Dutch, on the Mohawk, were remarkable for their rude, brutal and boisterous behaviour. To a fondness for boxing and bruising, they added the habit of drinking to excess, and the vice of compelling all within their reach, if possible, to become as boozy as themselves.

It happened that four of these turbulent Dutchmen were one day swilling at a tavern, when they observed, in the bar-room, a respectable and modest looking young man, who was engaged as a teacher in the neighborhood. He was from New-England, and as the Dutch bore no very good will to the Yankees, who surpassed them in shrewdness, sobriety, and knowledge, it would be a matter to boast of, if they could bring the schoolmaster to the same beastly level with themselves. They accordingly asked him to drink with them, which he declined. They insisted; he refused.

"Wont you drink mit us?" said one of them angrily; "if you wont, I'll throw dis krog in your face." With that he dashed the contents of the glass in the eyes of the young man, and for a moment nearly blinded him. Irritated with the insult and the smart, the teacher expressed his resentment in pretty strong terms; and as the clump-headed Dutchmen could not maintain an equal war of words with a Yankee, they fell upon him and kicked and beat him in a most shameful manner. He was bruised from head to foot; but he escaped with life, and related the case to another Yankee of his acquaintance, by the name of Armstrong.

This man was rightly named, for he was really a fellow of strong arm—a man of noble stature, of mighty bone, and corresponding muscle. He was at the same time a man of excellent disposition, and never picked a quarrel with any human being. But while he was gentle and pacific to the peaceful and unoffending, he was a very lion to the abusive and quarrelsome. In short, he was as far from submitting tamely to an injury, as inflicting one; and as he would not pocket an abuse himself, so he would not willingly see one offered to his neighbors.

As soon as the teacher had so far recovered from his bruises as to be able to get abroad comfortably, Armstrong accompanied him to the tavern, where the violence had been offered, to obtain satisfaction. The bruising Dutchmen were not there; but being sent for, at the request of Armstrong, soon came.

"Well," said one of them, "wat do you want mit us?"

"I want you should make satisfaction to this young man, whom you have so shamefully abused," replied Armstrong.

"Satisfaction!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "de tyvel! wat satisfaction do you want?"

"Why," replied the champion, "that you should pay him for his wounds, bruises, loss of time and doctor's bill; and then beg his pardon on your knees."

"He may go to de tyvel," said the Dutchman, "mit his pruisies and his doctor's pill; and you may go along mit him, you tam labberin Yankee, you."

"Wont you make him satisfaction then?" said Armstrong.

"No, we will not," answered all the bruisers. "If he wants satisfaction, he may take it out of our hides, and pe tam to him."

"I'll do that myself," said the hero coolly, "I'll flog every scoundrel of you."

"You'd petter try it!" said they, confident in their numbers. "You'd petter try it, mishter!"

"Very well," said he, and taking off his coat, he rolled up his shirt sleeves and discovered an arm that might have struck terror into Hercules himself; when stepping towards the door, he invited them to follow.

They did so, and as he was going out, one of them struck him on the back of the neck, so as to sally him forward a little, but not sufficient to bring him to the ground. He recovered instantly, wheeled round, and striking the two who were nearest, one with the right and the other with the left hand, he felled them to the ground, as a butcher would an ox. They rolled heavily in the sand, sent forth a Dutch groan, and kicked as if it had been their last.

The third now came up, when the victor seized him by the collar and hurled him across the road with the same ease that a common mortal would

hurl a cat. His head struck a fence, and he dropped, bleeding. The fourth was advancing, but when he saw the catastrophe of his three companions, he belloyed with terror and took to his heels. But flight did not avail him, for Armstrong was as swift of foot as he was powerful of hand. He pursued, and in a voice of thunder, bade the flying coward stop. Seeing he could not escape, the refugee turned back, and begged for life. The victor, with becoming clemency, accepted his submission, and they returned to the field of battle, where the other three having by this time ascertained that they were not entirely dead, began to get upon their feet and to look about them. Their first impulse was to fly.

"Stir not a step!" said the appalling voice of Armstrong, "if you do, down you go again. Now tell me, will you make satisfaction to this young man, or not?"

"Yaw, yaw, yaw," said they all in a breath, "we will make satisfaction to de schoolmeister." And turning to him, they said, "Wat you ax for de peating and de pruising we gin you?"

"Nothing," replied the young man, "but what is reasonable. I have suffered a good deal of pain, lost some time, and incurred considerable expense at the doctor's."

"O yaw, dat is no more as right," said they, "we was trunk wen we peat you and pruisd you; but dat is nothing to de matter, you must be paid for it, and you must be paid for de lost time, and de doctor's pill; dat is all fair."

The Dutchmen being brought to this humble mood, the matter was settled without further difficulty. They shook hands with the young man and his champion, called Armstrong a tyvelish good fellow, and insisted upon treating them both to as much as they would drink.

The Dutchmen never forgot this lesson. From that day forth, Armstrong was an antagonist they never dared encounter. His very name was a terror to them; and as he was always known to take up on the side of the weak or injured party, they became extremely cautious in offering violence, where it was likely to come to the ears of the chivalrous Yankee. "Mein Gott!" said they, "he has got two fists like a sledge hammer, and I would sooner put mein hand under de dunder-bolt, as his tyvelish pig paw. He is a little more as a match for all on us by a tam sight."

TASTE IN TEA.

MR. EDITOR,—I wish you would write a learned disquisition on the properties of Tea. The subject seems at present not to be well understood; and though people sip it as they do scandal, they are for the most part very much in the dark as to the distinguishing qualities of the different kinds.

You must know that our house, which contains a great many bodies—to say nothing of souls—is divided chiefly into two parties, the Dyspeptics and Exquisites. The dyspeptics drink only black tea, for the stomach's sake; while the exquisites drink only green tea, for the fashion's sake. But neither of them,—So help me Con Fu Tse, the Chinese philosopher, knows one kind of tea from the other.

The exquisites would not drink black tea for the world—'tis so vulgar—and then it tastes so old fashioned—so out of date—so exquisitely disagreeable. The dyspeptics—Lord help them—they cannot drink green tea without absolute danger of life; it is detrimental; ruinous; destroys digestion; annihilates the tone of the stomach; and, moreover, is too abominably astringent for any man to swallow except a dandy, who wishes to be drawn up to the smallest possible dimensions.

I'll tell you a mistake, that occurred on Monday. Betty, who had sat up courting the night before, put the black tea in the green-teapot, and the green tea in the black-teapot. Well, when the tea came to be handed round, both parties were in raptures at its superlative quality. They had never drank so good before.

"This black tea is very fine," said a dyspeptic, as he poured down cup after cup of Young Hyson.

"What a delicious flavor this green tea has!" said an exquisite, as he sipped delightfully from his cup of Souclong.

"I never drink green tea," said a dyspeptic, as he called for a third cup—"I would almost as soon swallow so much prussic acid. If I had not left off drinking it just as I did, I should have been a corpse before this time. This black tea is so mild, so soft, so nonastringent—do take a cup, Mr. Hourglass; it is uncommonly fine this evening."

"I thank you, sir," returned the exquisite, "I never drinks a drop of your vile black tea; I'd sooner put ink in my mouth, a posied sight.

No, give me nothing but your fine flavored, gentle, first-chop green tea. And I'm a judge of the article too. Betty, my cup is out. I wish I could persuade you, Mr. Sparediet, to discard that filthy, dark colored liquid, and drink such tea as a gentleman ought to. This now is something like; it has a flavor—ahem!"

Thus both parties went on, showing their discriminating taste and pouring down cup after cup of the tea, until, I believe in my conscience, they would have drank the house dry, had not the mistake, as it were by a miracle, leaked out; and thus, the charming illusion vanished. The exquisites were ready to die of mortification, for having swallowed half a dozen cups apiece of horrid black tea; and the dyspeptics were ready to die of apprehension, for having poured down such a quantity of destructive Hyson. I scolded Betty severely for the mistake, and charged her never again to sit up so late a courting that she could not the next day tell one teapot from the other.

Please put this in one corner of the Constellation, and oblige

Yours, &c.

TABITHA TEAPOT.

New York, March 11, 1831.

A CASE TO MR. OTIS. A number of the Artists and Mechanics of Boston have presented to the Mayor of that city "a Tortoise shell Walking Cane," of most beautiful workmanship, made by Wm. B. Swift, a native artist. It is thus described by the Boston Traveller:

"The staff is of wood, of firm and unelastic texture, overlaid throughout with beautifully variegated tortoise shell, so nicely joined, that the most critical eye can scarcely discern the seams. The top is entirely plain, of fine, burnished gold; and immediately below is a band of three inches, of wrought shell open work, underlaid with fine gold. Then succeeds a ferrule of rich, embossed gold, and a little below, a narrow band of delicately wrought shell, edged with gold, and underlaid as above. The cane-eyes are set with small sea-shells, tipped with gold; and the cord and tassels are wholly of tortoise shell. On the top is handsomely engraved the following inscription:—

Presented by
a number of Artists
and Mechanics of Boston,
to the Hon. H. G. Otis,
Mayor of the City,
1830.

Below the broad band is also inscribed,
Made by Wm. B. Swift, Boston.

In the cavity of the top is a complete writing apparatus, consisting of a gold pen, an ivory ink-horn and a paper receiver. This brilliant specimen of mechanical genius is valued at seventy-five dollars; and our only regret is that we are unable to impart a correct idea of it to the admirers of beautiful fabrics."

SIAMESE TWINS.

The following is an extract from Bulwer's Poem, by the above title. It comes by the way of one of the London Reviews—the poem not having been reprinted in this country—though we believe it is in the course of publication by the Messrs. Harpers. The doctor, employed to separate the Siamese, is thus described:

"This gentleman in black was drest;
A noble frill adorned his breast;
An air which, Conrad-like, had damped
Questions absurd—his visage stamped.
In his plain face few charms the lover
Of classic features could discover;
No modish grace leered forth in him—
Simple his dress, but simple prin:
Yet he who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the herd of men.
Something about him vaguely said,
"This man could do a deed of dread—
"Jesus! defend us from the deed!"
Something about his garb, his gravity,
His smile so sombre in its suavity,
His searching eye, his wrinkled nose,
The tightness of his black small-clothes,
Shewed him, at once, one of that race
Whose spell can pierce the closest place:
Who haunt the coyish solitudes,
And sit beside the bed of prudes.
The chastest maid could scarce deny
His midnight visit never shockt her;
And matrons, should their girls be shy,
Would cry, "what! bashful to the doctor!"
Yes, reader, for the worst prepare,
Think of your poor soul, I implore you!
Your will! you've not an hour to spare!
A son of Galen is before you!
Push! let us not lose so small a morsel.
Your licensed leech is never vicious,
Death from his hands should give no terror;
In him his "Accidental error!"
But graces who do the art usurp, us,
Like St. John Long, destroy on purpose,
Pouring, damned gas, I do assure you,
Into our lungs by way of petiole,
And making with infernal fury,
Holes in our poor backs with a balon!
But this, sweet reader, let me urge on
Your kind remembrance, was a surgeon;
Licensed to do your business shyly:
One died with him most comfortably.

WRESTLERS.

Off have I seen, when in a crowded gyre,
Where shoulders close invading shoulders, stood
A circle wall of living posts, upheld
In measure great and strengthened each by each,
Though formed, in sober truth, to stand alone.
Within the strong enclosure strove a pair
Of mighty champions, formed of sim'lar stuff.
To mark th' exploit all eyes attentive gazed,
To laud the conqueror all tongues were set.

With breast to breast in closest contact joined,
Or collar clenched in hand and elbow seized,
With various sly attacks and shifts as oft
By each alternate made—hard work for legs—
Anon one's tow'ring top descends, and, touched
With force too strong, up flies his forked base,
In ludicrous but woful pickle he!
So have I seen a sprawling paddock mount,
When some unwhipped, some truant wanton boy
Has caught him from the pool and given a toss.
Down comes he to the earth, and crying croak!
He scratches, pants and limps and hops away.
So comes the wrestler down, and groans an
"Oh!"

As on the earth he lights and feels his breath
Beat sudden out, his ribs, perchance, beat in.
A smile sits on the victor's lips, and loud
A coarse ha! ha! runs circling round the ring.

Ill pleased and half ashamed, the prostrate hind
With painful effort gathers from the earth
His lumb'ring frame, and looks around the ring
To find his victor's match. A champion, broad
and tall,

Is chosen forth; and as he tow'ring stands,
The whisper runs—"He'll eat the other up."
They grapple hard, and tug, and trip and twist,
Art against strength, and strength opposed to art.
Opinions change, and now the whisper runs—
"He cannot get him down." But soon, full soon,
He's down himself. Then bursts a louder shout
Than rang before; and the proud victor stands
The hero of the ring, and, for at least
Five minutes space, is deemed invincible.

But short the triumph, for a shorter man,
And less of bone, as in decision drawn
By the piqued giant, lays the conqueror flat,
Panting, surprised, and breathless on his back.

So fares it in the strife for power and fame.
With toils and cares the politician mounts
The steep of grand promotion—soon to fall,
And to another shortly yield the place,
As others in succession had to him.
All, like contending wrestlers in a ring,
To throw and to be thrown.

WHO WROTE SHAKSPEARE? There is in every country, state, town and neighborhood, some person whom the people fix upon as their hero, or great man, *par excellence*; and to whom, in their unlearned and unlimited devotion, they are apt to ascribe all the wonderful exploits, all the remarkable sayings, all the wise deeds, and even all the famous books, of which they do not happen to be informed of the true author.

A very laughable proof of this sort of idolatry was exhibited a few years since in Delaware county. In this instance, however, instead of one, there were two heroes. One party adhered to General Root, as the first man in the universe; while the other entertained the same opinion of Dr. Whitmarsh. We are not here bound to draw a comparison between the two; nor would we have our readers take it as any disparagement to the worthy Doctor, that the General has figured the most largely in the world. We are merely illustrating local opinions.

Some person happening to mention Shakspeare, one fellow, with a very laudable desire for information, asked:

"Who was it writ Shakspeare?"
"Why, are you so ign'ant as that comes to?"
said another, "Twas Gin'ral Root."

"Gin'ral Root!" exclaimed a third in a tone of great contempt—"now you're as ign'ant as the tother man. Gin'ral Root, indeed! Why, every fool knows 'twas Doctor Whitmarsh."

LUTHER'S ACCOUNT OF CALVIN. The Catholic clergymen of Boston, in their reply to Dr. Beecher, are now carrying the war into the enemy's country; and not only so, but wielding the arms of one Protestant against another. Bishop Fenwick thus quotes Luther against Calvin:—"The spirit of the Calvinists is a devilish spirit, a lying spirit, a rebellious and quarrelsome spirit, a cowardly, changing, and giddy spirit." And again: "The Calvinists are fanatics, a progeny of vipers, soul-murderers, impious, blasphemous, deceivers, blood-thirsty, hellish dogs, German Turks, sent and possessed by Satan, baptized Mahometans, very devilish, more than devilish, superlatively devilish!"

MASTER BURKE. This extraordinary boy played twenty-five successive nights at Boston, and averaged fuller houses than any other actor who ever appeared in that city, not excepting Cooke himself. The Boston Galaxy gives a parallel of the first fourteen nights of these two actors. Cooke's most profitable night brought \$1115.25; Master Burke's, \$1061.25. Cooke's average was \$834; Master Burke's \$850. The premiums for the choice of Boxes during Master Burke's engagement brought upwards of \$2000. The Bostonians speak of the little Hibernian with rapture.

INGRATITUDE. Mr. O'Connell, lately in one of his speeches to the people, adverted to the services he had rendered the Roman Catholic nobility and gentry in England; and as a mark of the ingratitude he had experienced at their hands, he noticed that he had been proposed by one of the members of the Cisalpine Club, in London, to become a member of that Society. He was balloted for, and they black-banned him. There was the requital he got for his services, in elevating them from the condition of slaves to the rank of independent legislators.

DIGNITY OF A SCHOOLMASTER. Bushy, the celebrated English teacher, would not take off his hat in School, even when the King happened to be present, alleging, by way of apology to his majesty, that his scholars would not learn so well, if they thought there was a greater man in the world than himself. This idea of his pedagogical dignity was rather carried to an extreme by the worthy teacher; but it must be confessed, that pupils can hardly have too high a regard for the importance of the office on which so much of their future character and happiness is to depend.

A RIVER IMPROVING ITSELF. The Mississippi, at the curve opposite the mouth of Red River, has burst its banks and made a canal across the neck, which is already four hundred yards wide and four fathoms deep. By this cut, the distance between Natchez and New-Orleans is shortened thirty miles. Thus the Genius of the stream seems to have taken into his own hands the internal improvements, to which the people of that section have shown so determined an opposition.

HUGE CAKE. One of the London papers contains an account of an enormous cake, which was to have been cut up and distributed on Twelfth Day. It measured nine yards in circumference, and weighed upwards of fifteen hundred pounds. This would have made an excellent accompaniment to the great cheese, presented to Jefferson by the patriotic farmers and dairy-women of Cheshire.

EARLY GRASSHOPPERS. Several fields in the vicinity of Newburg, says the Gazette, are infested with innumerable swarms of grasshoppers. Several specimens deposited in the office of that paper, (whether as a present to the editor, or in payment of subscriptions, we are not informed,) were, last week, hopping and skipping as lively as crickets.

A BOLD ONE. Thomas T. Bouldin has declared himself again a candidate for Congress, in opposition to John Randolph; and says he "cannot consent to be put aside in the unceremonious manner they (Messrs. Leigh and Randolph) have chosen to adopt."—"More porter, Tims!"

OAK-LEAF CIGARS. A grocer in Providence is said to have been grossly imposed upon by a Connecticut Pedlar, who sold him a large quantity of "raal Spanish cigars," which on critical examination, were found to consist of oak leaves, wound round with a coat of tobacco.

LAUGH WHEN YOU'RE FAT. Mr. Jonathan Davis, of this place, says the *Barn-stable Journal*, fell from a loft in his barn, fourteen feet from the floor, without sustaining any serious injury by the fall. He is a corpulent man—no doubt a very full-staff—and in the 82d year of his age.

McKENZIE, the author of the *Man of feeling*, *Julia de Rombigne*, &c. died in Edinburgh on the 14th January, in his 86th year. Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated to him his novel of *Waverley*, entitled him the *Scottish Addison*.

TYPOGRAPHICAL WHISKERS. One of our contemporaries, in quoting a late article of ours, in which we happened to speak of a dandy yawning "from whisker to whisker," has printed it—"from whisker to whisker to whisker." That's all.

A WICKED MISFORTUNE. A man named John Misfortune, was lately arrested in Philadelphia for having stolen two trunks full of shoes. This is the worst kind of misfortune.

PARK THEATRE. Two new pieces have within a week or two been brought out at the Park—viz. "Turning the Tables," and "Separation and Reparation." They are both very good. "Turning the Tables," in particular, has as much laugh in a given compass, as is usually to be met with in the amusing affairs of the day. "Separation and Reparation," has also much whereon to fatten the lover of comic scenes, if laughter will do it.

The Park has of late afforded much novelty; and it may be gratifying to those, who admire nothing but what is new, to learn that several pieces are in preparation, and will be very shortly produced. The winter is ever a dull time for theatricals; but the season is now fast approaching, when the city will be full of strangers; when life and bustle will be seen in our streets, and the theatres will again be filled.

Since the above was in type, we have witnessed another new piece, more laughable than either. It is entitled "Short Stages; or the Convenience of an Inconvenient Distance." It is all in one Act, and the Act in one Scene. It is therefore short as well as sweet.

MR. BARTON, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, appeared in Hamlet, for the first time in America, on Wednesday Evening.

FAILURE OF BANKS. A large number of the banks in this city, which were believed a short time since to be perfectly solvent, have failed within a few days.

FAMILY LIBRARY. The Messrs. Harper, have just published No. XVI. of their Family Library—entitled, "Discovery and Adventure in Africa." It is embellished with several Maps and Engravings. The work is compiled from Denham, Clapperton, Park, Laing, and various travellers in that region. We have not had time to examine it, but should suppose it might be an interesting addition to the Library.

The enterprising publishers have it in contemplation to comprise in this series, works of an American character on interesting and popular subjects; and, for the accomplishment of this design, they have engaged several writers well known to the public. Every distinct subject is to be comprehended in one volume, or at most in three volumes, which may form either a portion of the series, or a complete work itself; and each volume is to be embellished with appropriate engravings.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The Siamese Twins arrived here on Sunday last, in the Cambria from London, after an absence from this country of nearly eighteen months. During this period, they have visited the principal cities in England, Scotland and Ireland, but were prevented from making their intended visit to the places on the Continent, by the troubled state of the times. They appear in excellent health and spirits, and are now able to express themselves in very good English, and with a correct pronunciation of the language. We understand they will be exhibited in this city as soon as a room for that purpose shall be obtained. The exhibition may not possess the novelty which it did on a former occasion, but will, we think, be far more interesting from the circumstance of the twins being now able to hold a conversation with their visitors, and to answer some of the thousand and one questions which such objects cannot fail to prompt. They speak with much satisfaction of the visit they have made abroad, but are not the less happy on returning to America. When told that there was an exhibition in this city representing their own persons in wax, they replied with much good humour, that "next week they would put down the wax boys by exhibiting themselves."

We would call the attention of those who did not visit this exhibition, when in this city before, to do so on this occasion. We can assure them that there is nothing to offend the eye or the feelings, nothing indelicate, nothing repulsive, in the appearance of these youth. On the contrary, there is much in their novel situation, to call forth the interest and satisfaction of all who visit them. Linked together from the hour of their birth by so strange a

bond of union, they have travelled on through life with perfect harmony. They are constantly alive to each other's wants, and endeavoring to contribute to each other's happiness. Their fate to others may indeed seem hard, but by themselves it is regarded far otherwise. Nothing, in fact, do they dread so much as the thought of being separated. Nature has endowed them most abundantly with human feelings, though she has made so strange a display of her works in their outward formation. They often mention their mother with affection, and look forward with delight to the day when they shall visit her. This promise, we are told, will be faithfully fulfilled—the Siamese Twins have the greatest confidence that it will be, and the greatest regard for those under whose care they are placed. Were it necessary, we might relate many more instances of the nobleness of character exhibited in these the youth, as we call it, of a heathen land; but we leave the subject, with the re-assurance that the exhibition will abundantly gratify all who visit it. D.

UPSETTING OF A DANDY.

There is no creature that takes to himself more airs than a city dandy—none that pretends to more wit and wisdom, and none that betrays a greater want of them. One of this class of bipeds, who had escaped from the city a few weeks last summer, to inhale the country atmosphere and astonish the natives, betook himself to the Stage-coach as the most economical way of travelling. Lest, however, his motives should be suspected, he invariably informed his fellow travellers that he preferred this kind of conveyance for the opportunities it afforded of studying human nature.

It so happened that during our exquisite's travels, he was thrown into company with a Jack-tar, fresh from the fore-castle, and bound on a short trip to his native village to recruit, and make repairs. Jack was seized upon by our cockney-philosopher, as a rare subject of investigation—one from which might be extracted the material for many a precious story on his return home. He accordingly commenced his examination by a variety of impertinent questions, to which Jack answered with apparent good humor. Emboldened by his success, our student next proceeds to quiz the honest old tar, and finding his jokes not resented, he plies them with increased rudeness.

At the next stage, Jack was the first to alight, while our young philosopher, who by this time began to suspect that his inquiries into human nature might not result so satisfactorily as he had expected, was the last to leave the coach. No sooner had he alighted, than Jack made towards him—the dandy retreats—Jack follows him up, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed,

"Now we'll square accounts, you land lubber!"

"Oh! Oh!—let go my coat, you'll ruin me," cried the dandy, "what do you want to do with me?"

"Just to pay you for that soft soap you have been giving me, you rascal!" says Jack, giving him a lec-lurch, by which the terrified dandy was thrown flat on his back into a mud-puddle.

Jack was proceeding to further extremities, when the other passengers came up and interfered for the relief of the fallen philosopher. The old sailor was easily prevailed upon to desist, and our soiled dandy resumed his seat in the coach, with little desire to renew his investigations into human nature. D.

THE YANKEE IN NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK, March 8th, 1831.

Dear Tim,—I haven't got nothing marvellous to tell you on, but as the steme boats have begun to run to Providence I can get a private opportunity to send by them whenever I want, and so I shall write often, to save postage. Do you want to know how I work it? When I have a letter or a bundle I want to send on your way, I take it down to the steme boat just afore she starts and wait there till I see somebody I know goin on in her, and then I get him to take it. We dont make no bones of axing folks to do so small a favor, tho' it aint so small a favor neither when all of em are put together. I shall send my washin home in this way next summer if I cant get some congress man to lend me the frankin privilege but you no need to say nothin about this, but keep dark and nobody will be the wiser for it.

Every body who goes in the steme boat to Boston is loaded up with letters and bundles pretty considerably, you may depend on. I saw one feller who was goin on the other day with his hat chock full of em and yet they came rainin upon him like pitchforks. His pockets were next

crammed, and then when he'd got no more room to hold em he took a needle and a piece of twine and strung the letters and bundles together just as Joe Strickland strings the lottery tickets that draw prizes in his office which he hangs out of the garret winder in Broadway on public occasions to make a show, or just as your Sally strings apples when she hangs em out to dry. It was a pretty comical sight, I tell you.

But once in a while I cant find nobody on board that I know and then I work a card in this way. I harken round till I hear some feller say he's goin to Boston and then I march up to him just as though I had known him all his born days and ax him how he does and how his family is getting along and so finally I get him to take my leetle bundle. I wanted to send one the other day and after waitin sometime I found nobody of my acquaintance was goin on. The second bell had jist rung and the boat was goin to leave in five minutes when down came a feller as grand as a meetin-house. I knew he was a Bostonian by the cut of his cloth as the tarsers say and so I followed him right up and shook hands with him to kill. "How d'y'e do, Mr. Smith," says I, "I am glad to see you so hearty you aint going to Boston to day be you?" The man stared at me most plagily and I felt rather ticklish considerin. "My name is Jones, not Smith," says he—"Oh! Mr. Jones, how do you do?" says I, shaking him again by the hands, "I always confound your name with Smith—how's your wife and children—comfortable, I hope?" "Why yes sir," says he, "I hope so—my wife has been dead these six years, and as for children I cant say I ever had any." "Oh a mistake of mine," says I, "I knew you was a married man you look so blue under the gills, but I hadn't seen you so long I had really forgot these leetle circumstances." "O quite excusable," says he, "but I cant think where it was you saw me." "No, faith! nor I neither," says I, "'tis a long time ago, but your countenance is as natrual as the hogs." "Quite natrual," says he, "I dare say, but may I inquire your business?" "Oh, nothin particular," says I, "I only thought if you was goin on to Boston, I guessed I couldnt do better than let you take this leetle bundle for me—jist leave it at the stage house in Elm-street and ax em to send it to our folks the first private"—the boat began to start and I had jist chance to get on the wharf and hollow "opportunity." I followed the boat down to the end of the wharf and kept makin bows to the man who'd got my leetle bundle jist as though he'd been an old acquaintance.

I spose the Yorkers would call this a Yankee trick, but let them laff that win, say I, and where's the harm in getting a man to take a letter for you when you can save 3 four pence happenies by it? Now that's my idee, but the Yorkers wont think so and are tarnally laffing at us Yankees about our tricks. I guess I made one on em laff out of tother side of his mouth the other day as you shall hear. I was comin home from the Bank with a hundred half cents in my pocket which I'd been gettin to make change with, cause why? these Yorkers after all their parlarin about Yankee tricks always take the halfcent in makin change and I've no notion of being posed on. As I was goin along I saw one of these York chaps standin at his shop door, and so I jingled the money in my pocket, and says I to him, "What will you give me for that?" "What is it?" says he. "Specie," says I, "dont you hear it chink?" "Specie! where did you get so much specie, Enoch?" says he. "At the bank," says I, "I always keep my money in specie—but make me an offer for it," says I. "If 'twas any body but a Yankee I would," says he. "So you're afraid of a Yankee," says I, "you dont dare make an offer." "But I do dare," says he. "Make it," says I. "Five dollars," says he. "Done," says I, "now jist plank the five dollar bill and I'll plank the specie." But the Yorker kind of fell back as though he was afraid there was some trick int, and said that if it was all specie, I'd never take five dollars for it. An idee seemed to strike him then—"They are all pennies," says he, "nothin but pennies." He meant cents, but they call em pennies in New York. "Not as you know on," says I, "there aint a single penny in the whole lot, if so 'tis no bargain." "By Saint Nic! then I hold you to your bargain, heres the five dollar bill," says he, puttin a raal mother banker into the hands of one of the company—"And heres the specie," says I, turning my pockets inside out and emptyin the 100 half cents on the counter. By the hoky! how the Yorker stared. "That's your specie is it!" says he, "I knew you'd come the Yankee over me." "You shouldnt have traded then," says I, and with that I pocketed the five dollar bill and marched off. Pretty well for

ENOCH TIMBERTOES,

want it?

POETRY.

From Friendship's Offering, for 1831.
THE REJECTED.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.
Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I said!
Sure never was love so strangely misled!
Rejected! and just when I hoped to be blest!
You can't be in earnest! It must be a jest.
Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that I felt;
And talked about poison in accents so wild,
So very like torture—you started—and smiled.
Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I done?
All natural nourishment did I not shun?
My figure is wasted—my spirits are lost,
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.
Remember—remember—aye, madam, you must—
I once was exceedingly stout and robust;
I rode by your palmy, I came at your call,
And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.
Not have me! Not love me! Rejected! Refused!
Sure never was love so strangely ill-used!
Consider my presents, (I don't mean to boast!)—
But, madam, consider the money they cost!
Remember you've worn them, and just can it be
To take all my trinkets, and then not take me!
Nay don't throw them at me!—You'll break—do not start!
I don't mean my gifts—but you will break my heart!
Not have me! Not love me! Not go to the Church!
Sure never was love so left in the lurch;
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt;
Oh, madam, don't tempt me to call you a flirt.
Remember my letters, my passion they told,
Yes, all sorts of letters—save letters of gold!
The amount of my notes too—the notes that I penned,
Not bank notes—no, truly I had none to send!
Not have me! Not love me! And is it then true
That opulent age is the lover for you!
'Gainst Rivalry's bloom I would strive—'tis too much
To yield to the terrors of Rivalry's clutch.
Remember—remember I might call him out,
But, madam, you are not worth fighting about;
My sword shall be stainless in blade and in hilt;
I thought you a jewel! I found you a jilt!

From Hood's Comic Annual, for 1831.
THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford, smiling at one another,"
In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.
To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsiders are seldom seen,
Such angels on a cloud.
Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.
Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I, who have shot a pigeon-match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.
So pray, before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pep ought to Lucy Bell,
I'll pop it into you.
Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.
And so I say to you, unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.
Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.
But first they sought a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.
To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forebore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.
They next prepared each pistol pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.
Now all was ready for the foe,
But, when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so, they found
They both were shaking hands.
Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doomed to have a ball.
I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?
Said Mr. B. I do agree,
But think of honor's courts!
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.
But look, the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it began;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had called out the sun?
So up into the harmless air,
Their bullets they did send,
And may all other duels have
The upshot in the end.

Specimen of Hood's Comic Annual for 1831.

DOMESTIC ASIDES.

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

"I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)
"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,
(And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)
"Your charming boys, I see, are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's:
'Twas very kind to bring them both
(What boots for my new Brussels!)
"What! little Clara left at home!
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, baby!)
"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)
"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank heav'n I hear the carriage!)
"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs,
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
"Good bye! good bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!")

TO MR. SPENCER PERCIVAL.

On giving notice of a motion for a General Fast.*

Dear Percival! my pious lad,
Your noddle certainly is queer;
Propose a Fast! why, zounds! we've had
A general one all through this year.
Order maintain—let no rogue live,
Catch Mr. Swing, and tie the neck fast;
But, if a fast you wish to give,
I beg you'll let it be a breakfast.

A LABORER.

* House of Commons. Mr. Percival said: I rise to give notice, that, immediately after the recess, I shall move that an address be presented to his Majesty, praying that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to appoint a day for a general fast! Several hon. Members: A general what? — Mr. Percival continued—A general fast throughout the kingdom.—(Cries of "Oh! oh!" and much laughter.)

VARIETY.

The Swiss Hunter. The following curious occurrence is mentioned in the Journal de l'Isere: A short time ago a hunter, who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wellsted, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the "hammergeyer," a species of vulture; he shot the male, and made his way along a projection of the rock with a view of taking the young birds.—He had raised his arm, and put his hand into the nest, when the female hovering over his head unperceived by him, pounced down upon him, fixed her talons in his arm, and her beak in his side.—The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain huntsman of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling piece in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock, pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe, as they always go bare-footed, the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger, and the piece went off, and killed his enemy on the nest. Had the bird been any where else, it must have dragged him down along with it. He procured assistance from the neighboring auberge, or inn, hard by, and bro't the two birds as trophies of his valor away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure 17 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are only equalled in size by the Condor of South America.

Dr. Warren in the course of his very interesting address on the subject of anatomy, mentioned one very remarkable case which had occurred under his own observation. A sailor on board a U. S. ship fractured his skull, and the bone pressed in upon the brain. The result was total imbecility of mind, and forgetfulness of speech. After continuing in this helpless state of idiocy four years, trepanning was advised by Dr. Warren. The bone had settled in, with such an uneven surface, that the use of the circular saw was extremely difficult and dangerous; however, Dr. Warren deemed it the only alternative—either way, death seemed ready to seize the poor victim.

The experiment was tried with perfect success; and wonderful to relate, upon the removal of the bone, his senses, and his speech returned! He wished the doctor a happy new year, and for the first time in his life, said he had a right to apply for a pension.

Sorrow for the dead. A rich farmer, who happened to be a bachelor, and who also happened to die intestate, was carried to the place of interment a cross some portions of his farm, and through a rye field where the deceased had kept open a narrow cart path for the convenience of his agricultural pursuits. As the funeral procession, consisting of brothers, their wives and children, and a few neighbors, approached the field, one of the surviving brothers cried out to the company—*Don't break down that are rye there, for now brother Jo is dead, it will fall to us.*

New Bedford Gazette.

Bouquet of Immortelles. I was walking slowly down the Rue St Jacques; the morning was cold and gloomy, and the clock just striking six. I began to wish myself at home, when my eye caught the slight figure of a young girl, walking quickly before me, trouble was in her countenance, but she was beautiful and for me she possessed the greatest of all charms, she was unconscious of her loveliness.

No tasteful *dishabille* set off her charms, her dress was of the simplest kind, a shawl of little price thrown negligently over her gingham robe, and a straw hat without any other trimming than the ribbon that tied it down.

"Let us see," said I to myself, "whether she is going to church, or to meet her lover." I followed and passed her, and as I turned I saw her eyes full of tears.

"Poor girl!" thought I, "so young, and already thou hast learnt the bitterness of love; but what right have I to pry into thy secrets?" Yet a feeling, which I could not analyze, drew me after her, till she stopped at the *Quai aux Fleurs*.

"What would Mademoiselle be pleased to want?" cried a *marchande*, "here are choice of bouquets."

"Let me have a pot of *immortelles*."

"Of *immortelles*!" repeated the woman in a tone of commiseration, as she handed to the youthful beauty the flowers employed only to deck tombs.

The young girl continued her way with hasty steps, pressing convulsively to her bosom the purchase she had just made.

As she approached the colonnade of the Louvre, her pace slackened. It is there where the ashes of the victims of those three memorable days repose that she bore her offering. Never shall I forget the look which she raised to heaven while she placed them there.

Yes, the unfortunate one wept for a lover, and she had a right to weep, but it is for herself alone her tears should flow. He whom she laments died in the performance of a virtuous action; accident brought him alone and unarmed into the tumult, at the very moment that a child was about to be trampled to pieces; he rushed forward, saved the child, but fell mortally wounded by a ball aimed at another.

Lonely and desolate art thou, poor girl! thy dawn of life is forever clouded, thy dreams of love and hope are over! Weep then for thyself, but shed no tears for him; if he has quitted this world, he is to receive in a better the reward of his humanity.

A Miracle. Some of the English papers are burdened with sundry accounts of the miraculous restoration of a sick young lady named BANCROFT, the daughter of a clergyman in London. It appears that the young lady was dually diseased, from the year 1824, until 1830;—that during that period, her sufferings were very severe, and her treatment, as per the oracles of *Materia Medica*, proportionably pungent; and during a series of years, she encountered the whole paraphernalia of physical appliances and means, among which caustic issues, bleeding, cupping, blistering, &c. were copiously introduced. On the 20th of October, 1830, the lady says it pleased Providence to throw into her way a clergyman, who, after some condolence and inquiry respecting her condition, asked her if she did not believe it was *unbelief* that prevented her recovery? and on her assent to the question he seemed praying. After this exercise, the Rev. gentleman told her imperatively to rise up and walk, and come down to her family! On the instant, the lady avers "SHE AROSE FROM HER COUCH QUITE STRONG! though for years before she had been unable to move!"

We should pass this by, as abundantly preposterous, in the belief that the age of miracles has passed, were it not for the solemn testimonials and asseverations by many, where-with the account is accompanied. There may be some law in the natural physics, whereby a sudden impulse given to the system of a diseased person, may effect temporary strength:—Such have been, we believe recorded. But the lady gives evidence that she has since been well and healthy. The story is altogether too great a draft on our credulity; and would be, if it were testified to by the Archbishop of Canterbury. To account for change in the condition of the woman, by supernatural agency is altogether impossible. If the Springs at Margate or Harrogate, could be turned into wine as at Cana of old, we might believe the above; but until some such circumstance happens at the same time, we shall continue heretical.

Phil. Gazette.

A Wonderful Capacity. A store keeper, rather remarkable for the care which he took of number one, was once boasting in the presence of a customer, "that he could secure a quarter of a pound of tea, in a smaller piece of paper than any other man in the Seven States." "Yes," said Zedekiah Dryasdust, who chanced to hear the observation, "and you'll put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle, than any other man that ever I see any way!"

Parkett Chronicle.

Indian Anecdote.—The following anecdote has often been related to us, and of the truth of it we are entirely satisfied. In 1708 the Indians made a descent upon Haverhill, Mass. A severe and bloody struggle took place between them and the villagers, in which thirty or forty were killed on both sides. During the early part of the attack, an Indian entered a house, occupied only by an elderly lady, who was busily engaged in making soap. The savage burst open the door and sprang forward with his tomahawk uplifted, when the old lady saluted him full in the face, with a ladle full of the boiling liquid. The Indian yelled with agony, and a repetition of the dose compelled him to seek safety in flight. The white captives who were carried off by the savages, stated on their return, that the poor Indian died of his scalding, after enduring for a few days the taunts of his companions for being defeated by an "Englishman's squaw."

Hartford Review.

A Major of militia, somewhere in Pennsylvania, who had been recently elected, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head, on the morning of parade, to "go out and exercise a little by himself." The "field" selected for this purpose was his own stoop. Placing himself in a military attitude, with sword drawn, he exclaimed—"Attention the whole!—Rear rank, three paces back!" He immediately retreated three steps, and tumbled down cellar! His wife, hearing the noise he occasioned in falling, came running out, and asked, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go in to the house, woman," said the Major, "what do you know about war?"

The Quaker's Prerogative. A grave descendant of the illustrious Penn yesterday visited the popular branch of our legislature, and as usual with those of his creed, omitted to doff his beaver, as required of all spectators in the presence of this august body. The keen-eyed, veteran messenger, Kuhn, soon espied the expanding brim, and very politely requested the demure gentleman to "take off." Our "friend" seemed at a loss for a moment, but at length, with much gravity, said, "He did not uncover before God, and he certainly should not before man; and immediately left the Hall."

Boston Traveller.

Parties. The following is in the life and times of Frederick Reynolds:

"Through life, I have observed that there is no superfluous civility that brings more dissatisfaction to its donor than parties: those that are not invited, become his enemies, while those that are, receive the intended compliment only as their due, and depart ridiculing the inadequacy of his efforts."

"It is even worse with those who are concerned in a political party. They make substantial enemies, who never forget them, and acquire friends—who will always forget—to remember them."

Soon after Col. Crockett's first appearance at Washington; being a new member from Tennessee, he arrived at the Palace by invitation of the President. The Colonel lived over the mountains, and champagne and olives were entirely new to him; but he however soon got a taste of them. "Mr. President," said the Colonel, "I like your cider very much, but I wish I may be shot" (taking an olive from his mouth) "if I can eat your pickles." S. H. Pall.

A shrewd Madman. When the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him—"How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your Lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live or dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No my Lord," said Lord Bradford, "there is much difference; a live sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton—the two fore legs are shoulders."

Henri Quatre. The following curious letter of this distinguished ornament of the French throne to his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estres, we think will not prove unacceptable to our readers.

"My beautiful love! Two hours after the arrival of this courier, you will see a cavalier who loves you much; they call him *King of France* and *Naparra*, which are certainly honorable, though very painful titles: that of being your subject is infinitely more delightful; all three together are good; and let what will happen, I have resolved never to yield them to any one.

HENRY.

Niebuhr, the distinguished author of the History of Rome, in Germany, died at Bonn on the 21st of January, at the age of 53 years. After having been a professor at Berlin, he was named, in 1816, Prussian Minister at Rome, where in 1821, he concluded a treaty with the Holy See. M. Niebuhr, afterwards quitted State affairs, and resumed the Chair of Professor at Bonn. His death is a great loss to the literary world, his important work on Roman History not being finished.

The celebrated KREUTZER died in December last, at Geneva, whither he had retired in the hope of recovering his health. He was a member of the Legion of honor, Professor of the Conservatoire, and formerly leader of the band of the Paris opera. He was distinguished by his great powers on the violin, and by his musical compositions, among which were *Paul and Virginia* and the *Death of Abel*.

The story of Cinderella. The original of the story of Cinderella, (says the Mercantile Advertiser,) which has so long been a favorite nursery tale, we believe is not generally known. As this story has lately been dramatized, and several times performed to admiring audiences at the Park, graced by the enchanting music of Rossini, and embellished with the magic of the pencil, we believe our readers will be pleased to be told the historical incident on which the tale is founded.

It is the story of Rodope, of Egypt, whose slipper obtained for her the crown of that kingdom, and it is related in Strabo, p. 808. For the following free translation we are indebted to an esteemed literary friend:

"Among the monuments of Egypt, which excited the admiration of Strabo, (as they have done that of nearly one hundred generations of men,) there was one of black marble, sacred to the memory of Rodope. This beautiful queen was an humble native of one of the cities of Nauratia. As she was one day bathing in a stream, attended by her maids, an eagle, stooping from his pride of flight, seized one of her slippers in his talons, and winged away towards Egypt. Having arrived at Memphis, he beheld the great king of Egypt sitting in his court, administering justice to his people. Hovering over the monarch's head, he dropped the slipper, and it fell into the bosom of the king. The wonder of the king was greatly excited by the extraordinary occurrence, and still more so by the exceeding delicacy and minuteness of the slipper. He forthwith sent messengers to proclaim throughout Egypt and the neighboring lands, that he would make her whom the slipper should exactly fit, queen of Egypt; and it being ascertained to belong to the fair Rodope, he espoused her."

Holding the Bear. Two men, neighbors in the District of Maine, (some years since) had been in the woods during the day, and returning towards evening, when within a mile of their homes, observed a large Bear making directly for one of them, and to avoid his grasp he dodged behind a sizeable tree, the Bear sprang and clamping his fore paws around the tree, the man immediately seized them and held him fast. After a consultation how they should despatch the Bear, it was agreed that the man who was at liberty should proceed home, obtain an axe, return immediately and despatch him. The man arrived home, related the situation of their neighbor to his wife and his plan for killing the Bear—but not being much in a hurry, directed his wife to prepare supper, and he would take some before he started, which was accordingly done.

After supper was over, and he taking several turns from the fire to the door and from the door to the fire and lounging a while, concluded he would go to bed early and be stirring by times in the morning and release his friend. Morning arrived, the axe got in readiness, he then tells his wife he believed he would have his breakfast before he went—breakfast being over and several small chores done about the house, he leisurely shoulders his axe and shortly finds his friend in the same position very patiently holding the Bear and waiting his return. On his approaching near the spot and just raising the axe to give the mortal blow, his friend says stop, I have suffered enough holding the bear, you come and take my place and let me have the satisfaction of killing him. This was readily assented to, and the man after being released, and his neighbor in the situation that he had been, shoulders the axe and walks off, leaving his friend in full possession of the bear in his turn.

Mormones in Ohio. The believers in the book of Mormon amount to about 400 in Geauga and Cuyahogo counties, Ohio. They have all things in common, and they affirm that miracles are performed among them, and revelations made to them by the Deity. They assert that, a short time since, a letter written in heaven by the hand of God, descended from the skies and fell into the hands of a young man; and that some of them have received the white stones promised in the 2d chapter of Revelations. A negro, who is a chief man among them, is said to have jumped 25 feet down a bank into the top of a tree without injury. A man in Chardon has torn away all the partitions of the lower part of a good two story dwelling house, and here a large number of them live in common. The food, consisting of meat, potatoes, &c. is placed on the table in a large pan, from which each one takes a piece of meat and a potato in his hand, and devours them as he walks about the room. About 200 of these deluded people belong to the family in the town of Kirtland.

At a meeting of the creditors of Sir Walter Scott, held at Edinburgh, Dec. 17, it was unanimously voted, "that Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linen, paintings, library and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honorable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgments for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make for them."

"Books," says Bacon, "can never teach the use of books." The student must learn by commerce with mankind, to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purpose of life.

Sir Walter Scott and American Cooper. I was much pleased with Sir Walter, and I believe he expressed a favorable opinion of me. I said to him, "I admire the way in which you begin your novels. You set out so abruptly that you quite surprise me. I can't at all tell what's coming." "No," says Sir Walter, "nor I neither." I then told him that, when I first read *Waverley*, I said it was no novel; nobody could invent that. Either he had heard the story related by one of the surviving parties, or he had found the manuscript concealed in some old chest. To which he replied, "you're not so far out of the way in thinking so." You don't know him, do you? He'd be a pattern to you.—Oh, he has a very fine manner! You would learn to rub off some of your asperities. But you admire him, I believe. H. Yes; on this side of idolatry and toryism. N. That is your prejudice. H. Nay, it rather shows my liberality, if I am a devoted enthusiast, notwithstanding. There are two things I admire in Sir Walter, his capacity and his simplicity, which, indeed, I am apt to think are much the same. The more ideas the man has of other things, the less he is taken up with the idea of himself. Every one gives the same account of *Waverley* in this respect. When he was in Paris, and went to Gallani's, he sat down in an outer room to look at some book he wished to see. None of the Clerks had the least idea who it was. When it was found out, the place was in commotion. Cooper, the American, was in Paris at the same time; his looks and manners seemed to announce a greater man. He strutted through the streets with a very consequential air, and in company held up his head, screwed up his features, and placed himself on a sort of pedestal, to be observed and admired, as if he had never relaxed in the assumption, nor wished it to be forgotten by others, that he was the American Sir Walter Scott. The real one never troubled himself about the matter. Why should he? He might safely leave that question to others. Indeed, by what I am told, he carries his indifference too far: it amounts to an implied contempt for the public, and *misprision or treason* against the commonwealth of letters. He thinks nothing of his works, although "all Europe rings with them from side to side." If so, he has been severely punished for his infirmity. N. Though you do not know Sir Walter Scott, I think I have heard you say that you have seen him. H. Yes, he put me in mind of Colburn, with his florid face and scarlet gown, which were just like the other's red face and scarlet waistcoat. The one is like an English farmer, and the other like a Scotch laird. Both are large, robust men, with great strength and composure of features; but I saw nothing of the ideal character in the romance writer, any more than I look for it in the politician.—Hazlitt's Conversations of Northcote.

Beards. Beards are greatly esteemed in the East. Thevenot says it is a great affront to take a Turk by the beard, unless to kiss it. D'Arvieux tells us of an Arab, who, having received a wound in his jaw, chose to hazard his life rather than suffer the surgeon to remove his beard.

Maunder, in his voyage, gives the following description of the manner in which beards are performed in the East. "At last," says our author, "comes the finishing part of your entertainment, which is the perfuming the beards of the company, a ceremony which is performed in the following manner. They have for this purpose a small chafing dish covered with a lid full of holes, and fixed upon a handsome plate; in this they put some fresh aloes, and then snuffing it up, the smoke immediately ascends with a grateful odor, through the holes of the cover. It it held under every one's chin, and offered, as it were, a sacrifice to his beard, which soon becomes impregnated with the odor, and serves as a nosegay for some time afterwards."

A poor blacksmith, an elector of Lamark, named Brodie, at the late election was offered by one of the parties 1000*l.* for his vote. He refused the offer and voted for the opposite candidate, Mr. Gillon. A friend of Mr. Gillon presented him with a handsome silver snuff box, in testimony of "his great admiration of this unrivalled instance of sterling worth, and incorruptible integrity." The Glasgow Free Press remarks that this instance of honesty may well put to shame the corrupt *Liverpudleians*, who sacrifice at the shrine of self-interest the noblest of man's political birthrights.

Supply of Water in Cities. It would seem from some of the late periodicals that the attention of the Parisians has lately been drawn towards the very imperfect supply of water in the city, and measures are taken to introduce waterworks. In the report of the committee appointed to examine into this matter, we find it stated, the supply of water by aqueducts, &c. in several of the cities of Great Britain is as follows:—To each individual there is distributed per diem in

London	-	-	-	21	gallons.
Manchester	-	-	-	12	do.
Liverpool	-	-	-	8	do.
Glasgow	-	-	-	26	do.
Greenock	-	-	-	16	do.
Edinburgh	-	-	-	27-1-5	do.

The Rothschild Poem. Gold will buy nobility; but millions will neither purchase the nobility of the soul nor the gift of poetry. The higher, therefore, is the gratification which the world must derive from the notice given, in a German periodical, that Cotta of Tubingen, (the Murray and Boydell of Germany in one person,) is about to publish the "Poems of the Brothers Rothschild." Such a work will create no little sensation in all the boudoirs, as well as the exchanges of the civilized world.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THOMAS MOORE.

BY LORD BYRON.

"What are you doing now,
Oh, Thomas Moore?
What are you doing now,
Oh, Thomas Moore?
Sighing or suing now,
Rhyming or wooing now,
Billing or cooing now,
Which, Thomas Moore?
But the Carnival's coming,
Oh, Thomas Moore,
The Carnival's coming,
Oh, Thomas Moore,
Masking and humming,
Flinging and drumming,
Guitaring and strumming,
Oh, Thomas Moore!"

DESCRIPTION OF LORD BYRON'S PERSON, MANNERS, HABITS, &c.

"It would be to little purpose to dwell upon the mere beauty of a countenance in which the expression of an extraordinary mind was so conspicuous. What serenity was seated upon the forehead, adorned with the finest chestnut hair, light, curling, and disposed with such art, that the art was hidden in the imitation of most pleasing nature!—What varied expression in his eyes! They were of the azure color of the heavens, from which they seemed to derive their origin. His teeth, in form, in color and transparency, resembled pearl; but his cheeks were too delicately tinged with the hue of the pale rose. His neck, which he was in the habit of keeping uncovered as much as the usages of society permitted, seemed to have been formed in a mould, and was very white. His hands were beautiful as if they had been the work of art. His figure left nothing to be desired, particularly by those who found rather a grace than a defect in a certain light and gentle undulation of the person when he entered a room, and of which you hardly felt tempted to inquire the cause. Indeed, it was scarcely perceptible,—the clothes he wore were so long. He never was seen to walk through the streets of Venice, nor along the pleasant banks of the Brenta, where he spent some weeks of the summer; and there are some who assert that he has never seen, except from a window, the wonders of the "Piazz di San Marco"—so powerful in him was the desire of not showing himself to be deformed in any part of his person. I however believe that he has often gazed on those wonders, but in the late and solitary hour, when the stupendous edifices which surrounded him, illuminated by the soft and placid light of the moon, appeared a thousand times more lovely.

"His face appeared tranquil like the ocean on a fine spring morning; but, like it, in an instant became changed into the tempestuous and terrible, if a passion, a passion did I say? a thought, a word, occurred to disturb his mind. His eyes then lost all their sweetness, and sparkled so that it became difficult to look at them. So rapid a change would not have been thought possible; but it was impossible to avoid acknowledging that the natural state of his mind was tempestuous.

"His voice was sufficiently sweet and flexible. He spoke with much suavity, if not contradicted, but rather addressed himself to his neighbor than to the entire company.—Very little food sufficed him, and he preferred fish to flesh, for this extraordinary reason, that the latter, he said, rendered him ferocious. He disliked seeing women eat; and the cause of this extraordinary antipathy must be sought in the dread he always had that the notion he loved to cherish of their perfection, and almost divine nature, might be disturbed."

Moore's Life of Byron.

From the New-England Galaxy, Feb. 25.

Tales of a Grandfather; Being Stories taken from the History of France. By Sir Walter Scott. Messrs. Carey & Lea have just re-published these little volumes, in which history assumes its most delightful form. A great body of information is collected, manner and customs are detailed, characters drawn and events depicted, with all the animation and lively coloring which characterizes the best writings of the illustrious author. The work is inscribed to Master John Hugh Lockhart, Sir Walter's grandson, whom he has heretofore addressed with the appellation of Hugh Littlejohn Esq. The commencement of the dedication is beautifully simple and touching.

"TO MASTER JOHN HUGH LOCKHART.

"My dear boy,—I must no longer treat you as a child; so I now lay aside the pet appellation of Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. and address you by your name. Heaven at whose pleasure we receive good and evil—and we are bound to receive both with thanks and gratitude—has afflicted you from infancy with a delicacy of constitution. With this misfortune there are often attendant tastes and habits most valuable, most only, to those who are liable, from indolence, to be occasionally confined to the solitude of their own apartment. The hours you now employ in reading are passed happily, and render you independent of the society of others; but will yet prove far more valuable to you in future life, since, if your studies are well directed and earnestly pursued, there is nothing to prevent your rising to be at once an ornament and a benefit to society. It is with great pleasure my dearest boy, that your parents remark in you, early attention to your book, and a marked desire to profit by what you read; nor can I, as one of the number, make a better use of a part of my leisure time than to dedicate it to your advantage, and that of your contemporaries, who, I trust, will play their parts honorably in the world, long after the generation to which your grandfather belongs has mouldered into earth."

Half a report. "How this world is inclined to slander!" said a maiden lady to an English nobleman.—"Can you believe it, sir, some of my malicious acquaintances reported that I had twins!" "Madam, I make it a rule to believe only half of what I hear!" replied his lordship.

A PROCLAMATION.

To all to whom these presents may come, greeting.

Know ye, that whereas it has been represented to us, that several ladies, spinsters, females, maids, girls, unmarried women &c. within our dominion, have not only a willingness to consent, but even an ardent desire to leave the state of celibacy, and take to themselves or be taken to husbands; and whereas it is supposed by many that the bachelors, young and unmarried men of these our realms do not know who among the maidens, &c. would or would not be so willing, or so desirous to marry, and it seems proper and fitting that the ladies, spinsters, females, maids, girls, and unmarried women as aforesaid, should put on some mark of dress as a token by which their willingness or desire in the premises should be made particularly known: we have issued this OUR PROCLAMATION, giving leave, ordering and commanding, that the said ladies, spinsters, females, maids, girls, and unmarried women, may and do make sleeves to their dresses large in proportion to their desire to be married. Thus, those who most exceedingly desire soon, and can't well delay the happy hour much longer, may say so, saving their blushes consequent on such occasion, by putting, over and above what is necessary for comfort or comeliness in their sleeves, seven yards of silk, chintz, calico, or other stuff. If they simply desire pretty considerably to be married, they may reduce the quantity to five yards. If they merely wish to be modestly understood as being willing to be respectfully courted, if a lad to suit them shall present himself—they are in that case confined to wearing their sleeves the size of a two bushel bag, or only so large as to hide a moderate sized lover, &c.

Village Recorder.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

An excellent Epitaph. Rambling in a church yard the other day we discovered the following line on a tomb stone. Its brief eloquence induces us to give it a publication:

"My debts are paid, and I'm at rest."

How impressive! It might furnish the materials for an elaborate discourse, if some modern Hervey would undertake it. But as there are no Herveys in these times, we will even attempt a few commentaries on it.

"His debts were paid"—he had paid all, printers, butchers, bakers, &c. and finally the debt of nature which, of course, was the last debt he had to pay. He was then at rest and well might be, for a good conscience is an excellent opiate. He no doubt departed this life with the greatest composure, for he owed no one, and therefore felt no apprehension of being disturbed in his last moments by duns.—What a happy state of things! To die thus is certainly to be most blessed, and the resurrection also may be anticipated with joy. He fears not to meet an accusing creditor at the last high chancery, for his debts are all paid.

We hope all our readers, and especially such as are in arrears to us, will endeavor to deserve the same epitaph, and then shall they be at rest.

Mr. Curran. This incorruptible patriot and incomparable orator, whose surprising eloquence threw such a resplendent halo of glory round the Irish bar, and his feelings lacerated and his heart wounded to the very core by the infidelity of his wife, who suffered herself to be seduced by an officer of rank in the British army. At the same time the lady of the Lord Chancellor Clare blotted the escutcheon of nobility, and dishonored the proverbial chastity of her country, eloping with a gallant.—Shortly after these occurrences, Mr. Curran and Lord Clare happened to be walking in opposite directions in Castle-street, (Dublin,) and the moment Mr. Curran observed the Chancellor approaching, he hastily darted into an entry on the other side of the street, without returning his Lordship's salute, or taking any notice of him. In a few hours after, the Chancellor took his seat on the bench, in the court of chancery; and on espying Mr. Curran standing up to make a motion on some pending cause, he exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Curran, I met you to-day in Castle-street, and instead of stopping to exchange greetings, you flew off from me as if I were an infectious spectre of pestilence!" "My lord," replied the wit, "self-preservation is the first law of nature. The street was so narrow, and, as your Lordship and myself wear our antlers rather awkwardly, I was apprehensive that our horns should meet!"

John Kemble. Perhaps no man ever acted so completely up to character as Kemble. For the time he almost imagined himself to be the very thing he represented. The following example to the above rule happened one night at a provincial theatre, when John performed the character of Brutus. The unfortunate knight who that evening represented Mark Antony, fatigued by his exertions, sought behind the scenes refreshment from a tankard of cool porter. John making an exit from the stage caught the noble Antony in the very act! He shrank aghast from the horrid sight! Mark Antony drinking porter!!! Kemble struck the offending pewter pot from the luckless actor's hands; ran to his dressing room, threw himself on a sofa, and much time elapsed before his brother actors could prevail upon him to continue the performance.

Pretty Women. "Of all other views a man may, in time, grow tired; but in the countenance of women there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance." The divine right of beauty, says Junius, is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is authorized to resist.

American System. "Father, what is that 'ere American System that they print so much about in the newspapers?" "Why, it's a—a—a—something that goes on rails, and a-somewhat." The man undoubtedly supposed it to be a railway.

[For the Constellation.]

THE CHAGRINED BACHELOR.

Joe. I tell you, Tom, at last I've made my mind
To—to—
Tom. To fall in love I hope?
Joe. Why, yes;
I own it, though a most unmanly thing;
Nor would I now, to any than yourself,
Confess my weakness; but I tell you Tom,
If you had seen the creature I have seen,
Small marvel, if ere this, your wits had found
An outlet through a perforated skull.
Tom. Pooh! pooh! I would not tempt the chance;
but who
Hath taught your stubborn taciturnity
Such eloquent discourse? She must be fair
Who thus can stir a Bachelor like you.
Joe. Aye, fairer than Diana; such an eye,
Soft and bewitching as a—, *maugre*, Tom,
A combination of all-loveliness!
So, fancy for yourself—meantime, I'm off,
In full resolve to make it all mine own.
Yes, ere high noon to-morrow—
Tom. (*Interrupting him.*) But when didst see
This "combination of all loveliness?"
Perhaps some combination of sly knaves
Have mark'd thee for their sport, and seek to set
Thy honest soberness a galloping
In hot pursuit of a forbidden bliss.
But when d'ye say it was?
Joe. 't the ball last night;
I beg'd her hand and led her to the dance,
And I agreed, that is, within myself,
(For I forgot to mention it to her.)
That I would see her home; but, split me, Tom,
What time I gathered up my hat and cane,
An impudent young Doctor, as they call'd,
Had gathered up my girl; I tell you, Tom,
We'd like to have had, as the physicians say,
A "consultation on the case;" but then—
Tom. (*laughing*) But then, 'twas fortunate it was
deferred;
I would not meddle in so nice a point:
But then, I would—
Joe. (*earnestly*) You mean I should demand
A proper satisfaction.
Tom. Certainly;
'Twere proper that you should be satisfied.
But I was going to say, that as a friend,
I would suggest to you, that Doctors are
Vastly conceited and impertinent:
But in this case, 'twere just, I think, that you
Should some allowance make and strive to be
Magnanimous as you can, for she's his WIFE!
(*Exit Joe, in a rage.*)

[For the Constellation.]

THE CANARY BIRD'S COMPLAINT.

BY JOHN H. SHERBURNE.

Though brought a captive from fair India's clime,
To dwell a prisoner on this dreary shore,
Yet my soft notes, I'll tune from time to time,
To soothe a sorrow never felt before.
Each morning's dawn, my notes I sweetly raise
To cheer my drooping heart, while exiled here,
And while my plaintive song is tun'd in praise
I think of home, sweet home, I love so dear.
Why should I mourn decree's relentless fate,
When I am treated with such kindness, ever,
Could I once more, but have my long lost mate,
I would no more complain; Oh! no, no, never.

NEW-BEGINNING.

MARRIED, in Standish, Ms. Mr. John Harmon
to Miss Mary Newbegin.
When a man takes a wife,
He begins a new life,
And quits his dull bachelor habits;
While from this new beginning,
So soft and so winning,
Come children as plenty as rabbits.
Then with head aching sore,
And a thousand griefs more,
All which to endure requires grinning;*
He repents when too late,
And would rub out the date
Of his sweet—his sad new-beginning.

*Vide the oft-repeated and elegant consolatory
phrase, addressed to those who are in affliction—
"Grin and bear it."

In Siam, crocodiles are caught in large numbers
when young, and trained for use as we do young
colts. Being abundantly fed with fish and treated
kindly they become perfectly tame and docile. They
will submit to a bridle and go just where the rider
wishes. It is no uncommon thing to see children
on their backs, playing with them and beating them,
without the least fear.

Thorwaldsen. Thorwaldsen, travelling to Stutt-
gard, overtook on the road a poor German, heavily
laden with a knapsack; on seeing the carriage pass,
the man called to the coachman to stop, and en-
treated to be taken up, but the driver, giving an in-
solent reply, would have continued his way, when
the sculptor himself ordered the coachman to stop,
saying he would make room for him inside; he ac-
cordingly requested the tired pedestrian to come in
and take a seat.—They soon entered into familiar
conversation, in the course of which the stranger
said he was a painter, and, hearing that the great
Thorwaldsen was shortly expected at Stuttgart, he
had started from — on foot, resolving to see an
artist whose works had made such noise in Europe.
"And pray, Sir," said he, "as you say you have just
left Rome, have you seen, or do you know Thor-
waldsen personally?"—"Yes," replied the Sculptor,
"I have the good fortune to be very intimate with
him, and promise, on our arrival at Stuttgart to pre-
sent you to him." At this assurance the German's
joy knew no bounds; he grasped him by the hand,
and a silent tear bespoke his gratitude. The bene-
volent old man felt sensibly moved at the unsophis-
ticated zeal of the young artist, and unable to sustain
his incognito any longer—"My dear good friend,"
he exclaimed, "I will not keep you longer in sus-
pense—I am Thorwaldsen."

Sheridan's duenna. There is an anecdote con-
nected with the first appearance of *Duenna*, which
the press has not hitherto told. The last rehearsal
but one was just over, when Sheridan said to Lin-
dley, as they quitted the boards—"Sir, I admire all
your music, except the friars' glee, 'This bottle's
the sun of our table.' I can't sing, but if I could
it would not be such a tune as yours, under the
circumstances in which those reverend and good
living fathers are placed." "My dear friend," said
Lindley, "why did you not mention your objection
before? it is now too late for alteration. The opera
comes out to-morrow night." "Not too late at
all," replied Sheridan, "I imbibe a little from a flask
of your best burgundy, and the task will be done." In
walking home from the theatre, a new air struck
the composer; he reduced it to score on his re-
turn, sent the parts early to the singers, and in the
morning it was tried at the last rehearsal with the
new arrangement. Sheridan heard it with evi-
dent pleasure—"My dear Sir," said he, "that is
the very tune I had in my mind when I wrote the
words; but unfortunately, my musical education
was too meagre to allow my reducing it to crotchets
and quavers. Be assured, Sir, it will grind!"
meaning that it would be so popular as to get on the
barrel-organs in the streets. And he was prophetic
—it was encoored at night, and was soon heard in
every corner of London. *London Spectator*

Æsculapius. Though Æsculapius lived so near
to the time of the Trojan war, yet the Greeks knew
very little about him. The superstition of those
times gave him a place among the gods; and as he
was adored under the character of the genius of
physic, it came at last to be doubted whether he was
ever mortal. This blind devotion however pro-
duced one happy consequence: his priests were obli-
ged, for their own interest, to make themselves
masters of all the physic that was known in that
country that they might be qualified to give advice
to the people who applied to them. Their prescrip-
tions passed for the suggestions of the god; their cures
for miracles. But both diseases and remedies
were carefully recorded. Strabo tells us that from
these registers in the temple of Æsculapius at Cos,
Hippocrates formed his plan for a proper diet.

Hanging. A singular case of hanging occurred
a week or two since in this city, which had well
nigh proved fatal. A young man, engaged in paint-
ing the outside of a house in the upper part of the
city, fell from a considerable height, and in his de-
scent to terra firma was caught by one of the iron
which fasten the window shutters back, and there
hung, suspended in the air by a substantial silk
handkerchief.—He remained in that situation until
accident brought some one to his relief. When ta-
ken down he was black in the face, and without re-
lief, would have doubtless expired in a short time.
Phil. Bulletin.

"Jackson, the pugilist, was a shrewd fellow in
his prime, and his hint to a gallant Marquis, is wor-
thy even of our record. The Marquis, following
the bent of his genius, had practised for some years
under the pugilist, until at last he was informed
that he had succeeded in the only study which he
ever attempted, and that his education was com-
plete. 'Well but, Jackson,' said the noble cleve,
'have you told me every thing? Is there not some-
thing else, in the way of secret (which I have yet to
learn? 'Why, my Lord, there is one, and I shall
tell it to you in confidence—Never fight any body
in earnest, or you will be do—nably licked!'"

Anecdote. During the height of the Steam Boat
fever in the early part of the last season, a friend of
the "Old Line" was remonstrating with an admirer
of the New order of things. "The Victory is an un-
safe boat," said he, "I wouldn't trust myself on
board of her." "What of that," rejoined the other,
"I had rather be blown sky-high on board the
Victory, than go safe in the Macdonough."
N. E. Weekly Review.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of
abstinence; which one of the fathers observes to
be, not a virtue, but the ground work of virtue.
My forbearing to do what may innocently be done
we may add hourly new vigor to resolution, and
secure the power of resistance when pleasure or
interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

There is a kind of men who may be classed under
the name of *butlers*, whose business keeps them in
perpetual motion, yet whose motion always eludes
their business; who are always to do what they
never do, who cannot stand still because they are
wanted in another place, and who are wanted in ma-
ny places because they stay in none.

A Foreigner's Surprise. A Washington
Correspondent of the New-York Journal of
Commerce relates the following anecdote:

A paper was not long since presented to the
Portuguese Minister, soliciting his aid to a be-
nevolent institution in this city. He observed
the names of the President and some of the
Cabinet, with distinguished officers of govern-
ment, as General Macomb for instance, whose
name was down with thirty against it for the
Infant School, when with a smile, as he stretch-
ed out his arm that held the paper, said he,
"This is curious. No Church and State here
—no pay for the clergy—no public support of
benevolent institutions—nothing done by the
government for the poor; but here are the
names of these great men setting the exam-
ple to their fellow-citizens by subscribing pri-
vate donations to the Infant School! What
a government! They are all fellow-citizens
—not a soldier to be seen." He has taken so
great an interest in Infant Schools as to write
to his Majesty, King of Portugal, recommend-
ing their introduction into his kingdom.

MUSIC FROM CINDERELLA.

JUST published the following Select Songs, &c.
from this charming Opera, viz:—"When morn-
ing its sweets is flinging," sung by Mr. Jones; "Once
a King there chanced to be," sung by Mrs. Austin;
in the chimney corner scene; "Let thine eyes on
mine mildly beam," the exquisite duet sung by
Mrs. Austin and Mr. Jones; "Grand March from
Cinderella," by Pons. The above choice pieces are
published and sold by BOURNE, at his very cheap
and fashionable music, stationary and fancy goods
store, 359 Broadway.

Will be published in a few days the celebra-
ted Tyrolienne, sung by Mrs. Austin and chorus,
with the variations for the voice, the arrangement,
and the variations composed by Signor G. Pons;
also, a set of cotillions, embracing the favorite airs
in Cinderella, the music arranged by Mr. Pons, and
new figures by Mr. Parker, as danced at his Acad-
emy with the greatest success. The overture to Cin-
derella will also be published by Bourne in a few
days.

Music of Rokeby—"Oh cease busy fancy," "Scil-
lian Knight," with a vignette. This is one of the
most admirable songs recently published. The sub-
ject is from Von Webber's Opera of Preciosa.
BOURNE, 359 Broadway.

March 12.

SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK
MANUFACTORY.

H. STEPHENS informs his friends and the public,
that he has taken store 218, Hudson-street, where
he intends removing his Manufactory on the first of May.
He offers for sale at the above place, or at his old stand 517
Greenwich-street, Saddles, Harnesses, and Trunks of ev-
ery description on reasonable terms. Orders put up at the
shortest notice. *March 12. 3m*

WONDERFUL!

SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York,
official drawing of the New York Consolidated Lottery,
regular Class, No. 3, for 1831, March 10.

43 31 56 24 23 50 24 49 15
GAIN has the ever and all lucky sold the Capitals—
no one can beat him. On Thursday next one of the
best schemes ever offered to the public. Prizes of \$30,000,
15,000, 10,000, and one number will receive \$10. Those
tickets which in other Classes would be blank, are \$4
prizes. Tickets are only \$10, halves \$5, quarters \$2.50.
Please apply early as the tickets may be scarce. Look for
Sylvester 130 Broadway.

It should be remembered I have no connexion with any
other person in New-York. Orders (which must be the same
attention as on personal application) must be addressed to
S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York. This is requisite to pre-
vent impositions.

The following splendid Lotteries will next be drawn:
Every ticket a Prize—one number will receive \$10
March 17, Extra No. 5, 30,000, 15,000, 10,000, \$10
" 24, " 6, 25,000, 10,000, 5,000, 5
" 31, Regular, 4, three prizes of \$10,000, 10
April 7, Extra Class 7, (a rare and superior Lottery,) only 17,000 Tickets capital 30,000, 10
" 14, 15,000, 5
" 21, 30,000, 10

THE Reporter and Counterfeit Detector is published by
Sylvester, every Thursday evening. It contains Price
Current; news of the week; Bank Note Table; Coun-
terfeit Detector; List of broken Banks, and much useful in-
formation to the merchant, traders, &c. 1.50 per annum.
Single copies 6 1/4 cents.

N. B. Those who deal with Sylvester are entitled to
the Reporter, gratis. *March 12.*

BRUSH MANUFACTORY.

ABRAHAM & JOHN PECKHAM, 230 Greenwich-
Street, offer for sale a general assortment of Brushes
on reasonable terms. *March 12. 6m*

LIVERY STABLE,
661 BROADWAY.

I. BROWER informs his friends and the public, that
he can supply them with Horses and Carriages of
any description at the shortest notice on reasonable terms.
March 12. 6m

CHAIR BEDSTEAD.

WILLIAMS WOOLLEY has for some time past
applied himself to the production of a Bedstead
which shall apply to all the purposes and conveniences
of the sick and infirm, in the best possible manner and with the
least cost. This he has accomplished, and now offers the
result to the public. Several eminent surgeons and phy-
sicians of this city have examined this Bedstead, and their
certificate of approbation is given below, in which a descrip-
tion is contained. These Bedsteads may be had at his
Bedstead Warehouse, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White
street, New-York, where the public generally, and the me-
dical profession in particular, are invited to call and ex-
amine them. The present prices are from 15 to 20 dollars in-
cluding a good hair mattress.

CERTIFICATE.—New-York, February, 1831.—The
undersigned having examined a bedstead, intended for the
benefit of the sick, constructed by Williams Woolley, can-
not but express their gratification at the invention, and their
opinion that it is the best calculated for the comfort and con-
venience of the sick of any they have ever examined, be-
ing capable of being converted from a bedstead into a chair,
and again restored to the state of a bedstead without in-
conveniencing the patient. From its simplicity, cheapness
and facility in use, they consider it as well calculated both
for hospitals and families:

Valentine Mott, M. D. John Baxter, M. D.
D. W. Kessen, Jr. M. D. John C. Cheestman, M. D.
David L. Rogers, M. D. Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D.
Peter C. Tappan, M. D. F. U. Johnston, M. D.
William M. Ireland, M. D. David Hosack, M. D.

PREMIUM BEDSTEADS.—Williams Woolley's new
ly invented and improved bedsteads, adapted to the sit-
uation and means of all classes, manufactured and sold by the
proprietor, No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street,
New-York. His Secret Bedstead, adapted to, and enclosed
within various kinds of furniture, such as sideboards, ta-
bles, book-cases, writing desks, bureaux, sofas, settees, &c.
as well as store counters, will be furnished to order, at dif-
ferent prices—from 15 to 75 dollars, according to the style
of workmanship and materials used; all which he will
warrant free from the inconvenience attached to the press
bedsteads heretofore in use, in that they are readily and ex-
pediently arranged for either purpose and no ways liable to
bugs, as is fully attested by all those who have them in
use.

W. W. has also applied his improvement in tightening
the sucking, to the common press bedsteads, which render
them decidedly superior to any that have been made. Of
these he has constantly on hand a large assortment, and
can supply orders for either the high post, field, French, or
low post kind, of various materials and workmanship, and
at different prices—from 5 to 25 dollars.

Also, an improved Cot Bedstead, very suitable for pub-
lic houses—price, 4 to 6 dollars.

SOFA BEDSTEADS.—Of this article he has a varie-
ty, viz: full finished Parlor Sofa Bedsteads, from 50 to 80
dollars; Settees, &c. suitable for dining rooms, nurseries,
stores, Steamboats, &c. from 15 to 40 dollars. These ar-
ticles (Sofa Bedsteads) the committee of Cabinet Makers,
at the late fair in New-York, have especially recom-
mended as being constructed on the best principle, and on
an excellent plan. They included, also, his Counter and Side
board Bedsteads, and likewise his ordinary four Post Bed-
steads, all of which are first rate premium articles.

All orders for any of the above articles will be immedi-
ately attended to. WILLIAMS WOOLLEY.
March 12.

SHAWLS SELLING OFF

For a few weeks only, at 419 Broadway Store.

JAMES WELLSTOOD, Shawl Manufacturer, is now
selling off the remainder of his extensive and rich
Stock of Shawls, shawl-trimmings, and fringes.

The Ladies of New-York and its vicinity will find it to
their interest to avail themselves of the present favorable
opportunity, of purchasing a superior Shawl, and also, of
getting their Shawls made up, cleaned, and repaired in the
very first style of shawl manufacture. It will be ne-
cessary to apply in time, as J. W. intends leaving the city
soon.

N. B. Also a superb collection of engravings; annual
illustrations; scraps, and a few mineral specimens.
March 12. 2m

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster, for pain
or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs;
and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints,
and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38, Beekman Street.
This medicine is the invention of an eminent sur-
geon, and so numerous are the instances in which
the most salutary effects have been produced by it,
that it is with the utmost confidence recommended
to all who are afflicted with those distressing com-
plaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in
May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales
have been very extensive. It affords us great
pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition
was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not
obtained, the money should be returned; out of
those numerous sales, from the period above men-
tioned, up to the present time, ten only have been
returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were
found to be diseases for which they were not re-
commended. This we trust (when fairly consid-
ered) will be the strongest evidence that could pos-
sibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will
be required till the trial is made and approved
where they are not known, the money will be re-
turned, provided the benefit above stated is not
obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st.
Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.

T. KENSETT.

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson, Assistant P. M.
Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.
Rithica, New-York, A. B. Clark
Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomas
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville
New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P. M.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, booksellers

Post Masters and others, procuring Subscri-
bers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the
terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a com-
mission of ten per cent.